

GOLDEN GATE

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Says a Persian proverb, The darker the sky is, the brighter the stars will shine.

Conviction, says Lord Bacon, comes not through arguments, but through experiments.

As above, so it is below. That which has been, will return again. As in heaven; so on earth.

In this age almost every person is a reader, and receives more instruction from the press than the pulpit.

The surest means to convince one's self of a life after death is so to act in the present that one must wish it.—*Fichte*.

Stern duties need not speak sternly. He who stood firm before the thunder worshipped the "still, small voice."—*S. Dobell*.

The will, says Van Helmont, is the first of all powers. For through the will of the Creator all things were made and put in motion.

Such as are thy habitual thoughts such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thought.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

Mere intellectual enlightenment cannot recognize the spiritual. As the sun puts out a fire, so spirit puts out the eyes of mere intellect.—*W. Howitt*.

The mirror of the soul cannot reflect both earth and heaven; and the one vanishes from its surface as the other is gashed upon its deep.—*Zanoni*.

It may be well to bear in mind the apothegm of Narada, the ancient Hindoo philosopher: "Never utter these words, 'I do not know this, therefore it is false.' One must study to know, know to understand, understand to judge."

We commence research where modern conjecture closes its faithless wings. And with us, those were the common elements of science which the sages of to-day disdain as wild chimeras, or dispair of, as unfathomable mysteries.—*Zanoni*.

If man ceases to exist when he disappears in the grave, you must be compelled to affirm that he is the only creature in existence whom nature or providence has condescended to deceive and cheat by capacities for which there are no available objects.—*Strange Story*.

To me it has always appeared to be best to bow with heart-felt humility to the inscrutable but unerring counsels of heaven, and to remember that we can only in this life see a small portion of man's existence, and therefore can form no judgment of the whole.—*Wilhelm Von Humboldt*.

As God creates, so man can create. Given a certain intensity of will, and the shapes created by the mind become subjective. Given a more intense and intelligent concentration of this will, and the form becomes concrete, invisible, objective; the man has learned the secret of secrets.—*Madame Blavatsky*.

THE VALUE OF SPIRITUALISM TO THE WORLD.

An Address Delivered by Wm. Emmette Coleman at the Thirty-Ninth Anniversary of Spiritualism, in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Sunday, March 27, '87.

The 31st of March, 1848, marks an important epoch in the world's history, for upon that day dawned the recognition of a new world of being; nay, of a new universe, of which before men had had vague glimmerings and fitful gleams, but of which demonstrative evidence of actuality had never before been systematically presented to man. It is fitting, then, that we celebrate this momentous epoch in the planet's history; and upon this occasion I propose to briefly state some of the reasons impelling us to hail with gladness each recurring anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. In the first place, it has demonstrated the existence of the spiritual universe and a future life for man. The tide of materialism has been for years past swelling higher and higher, gaining new impetus at each successive wave, threatening, ere long, to overleap the crumbling banks of spiritual faith and insight, reared upon the sandy, unstable foundation of traditional supernaturalism and pseudo-historical miracles; submerging the verdant plains and flower-covered landscapes of human hope and heavenly aspiration in the dark, drear waters of dread annihilation. To stem the rising tide of blank and cheerless materialism, we behold the angel hosts descending from their blest abodes in demonstration of supernal being and transmundane corporeity, revealing to man's enraptured gaze a second universe, eclipsing far the bright and radiant one encircling him on every side, aglow with sublimest beauties and pulchritude perennial, a universe of natural grandeur and of rhythmic splendor, its beatitudes felicitous and glories empyrean surpassing measureless our loftiest imaginings. Had Spiritualism accomplished naught else save the establishment of the actuality of man's immortal soul and of the extraterrestrial spheres of pneumatoscopic substance forming that immortal soul's abiding place after bodily disintegration, that work would be the crowning glory of this wondrous nineteenth century, exceeding all the achievements and acquisitions of material science and physical discovery with which this teeming age is so prolific.

Death has long been regarded as the "king of terrors." Spiritualism, however, dethrones this monster grim that has for ages held despotic sway o'er heart and mind of man; and lo! instead of the hideous visage and fiendish glare of the relentless demon, erst clamoring ever for the best and brightest of earth's children to glut his insatiate maw, we now behold a fair and loving maiden, wooing with gladdening smile and sweetest song to soft repose and ever-blissful dreams.

Who ever heard of a Spiritualist afraid to die? By the spiritual philosophy, death is shown to be an inestimable blessing in the divine economy of nature,—the pathway to the brighter glories and purer felicities of the "sweet by-and-by." Relief from fear of death constitutes a gleaming, glittering jewel in the diadematic circle crowning the laurel-entwined brow of Modern Spiritualism.

Eternal punishment, another monster, ghastly and gaunt, has fallen to the earth, transfixing by the piercing dart of spiritual revelation. Long has he reared his haughty crest, traversing far and wide our planet's broad domain, scattering on every side despair and gloom, bitterness and woe. Spiritualism, with its ministering angels from the better land, is following in his wake, dispelling all the doubts and fears, the torturing sorrows and hopelessness forlorn engendered by this fiend malevolent. Progress eternal is, we know, the primal birthright of the human race. Though scarred with sins innumerable, though seared with imperfections manifold, the scars will disappear, the imperfections vanish, through patient effort and persistent struggle to reach the purer state. No heart so black with hate and fierce malignity but what in time will be attuned to sweetest harmony and

purest love; no soul so blood enstained, so thickly crusted o'er with vice and crime, villainy and turpitude, but what is destined, as the ages roll, to be redeemed therefrom,—to walk arrayed in robes of purest white, symbolic of abiding virtue, purity and truth.

Fell and fabled Satan, that whilom "roaring lion" coursing up and down the earth, devouring old and young, the pauper and the affluent, we now find tethered fast where'er the light of spiritual science illumines the pathway; from whose refulgent dazzlement he swift retreats to dark and noisome corners in cloistered cells, or in cathedral's sacred haunts, presided o'er by cowed and shaven priests, sleek-faced churchmen, canting ministers, smooth-tongued prelates, and hypocritical ecclesiastics,—all fervent friends of his horned and hoofed majesty, he constituting their principal stock in trade in the merchandise of human souls, by them monopolized from prehistoric time. Liberal Christianity, Universalism, Unitarianism, etc., sorely wounded the devil; but Spiritualism completely killed him, and buried him out of sight, beyond all hope of resurrection.

Spiritualism likewise annihilates all ideas of an angry, jealous God,—a personal deity enthroned in solemn awe in heaven's palatial courts, surrounded by serried cohorts of winged angel ministrants, creatures of His sovereign will, the messengers of His capricious mandates to cosmos' remotest bounds; exacting servile submission and slavish adoration from all in earth and heaven, in sea and sky; controlling by His arbitrary, fitful fiat the thunder's startling peal and lightning's fiery glare, the shifting, whirling tornado and burning sirocco blast; dispensing or withholding at will the cool, refreshing rain, the drifting "beautiful snow," or the pelting, devastating hail; through whose elective pleasure famine and pestilence stalk through the land, and loathsome plagues desolate sin-cursed humankind; a savage monster, creating for endless woe and deep damnation's lurid depths millions of undying souls, mockingly termed His children; a ruthless, malignant fiend, incomparably exceeding in villainy atrocious and meanness base and hellish His chosen fellow-sportsman in the game of pitch and toss for human souls, vulgarly cycled "Old Nick."

This imaginary divinity Spiritualism dethrones, substituting therefor the Great Positive Mind, the Infinite Spirit of the Universe, the All-Father and All-Mother,—the unitization of all intelligence, the focalization of all power into one distinctive whole; matter being his body, spirit his soul, and intelligence his inmost essence; the laws of nature being the expression of his mode of existence, never created, never destroyed; he being devoid of arbitrary caprice or vacillating volition, fixed, unchangeable, eternal!

Heaven—what is it? A place in some obscure corner of God's universe, where a few sanctified and sanctimonious pietists will wear golden crowns, play golden harps, wave palm branches, and chant interminable psalms around the throne of the "Great I am" forever and for aye? Such is the popular conception of heaven; but such a place Spiritualism knows naught of, but instead a rational, natural, human existence,—a solid, substantial world, a purified and beautified earth (so to speak), with undulating hills and verdant slopes, purling streams and fragrant flowers, meandering rivulets and glassy lakes; with wealth of field and forest, grotto and lawn; with sportive lambskins and paradisaical birds; with towns and cities, hamlets and villages, brotherhoods and associations, schools and sanatoria, colleges and laboratories, museums and observatories, newspapers and libraries, theatres and art-galleries, temples and towers, chateaux and palaces, rural cottages and stately mansions,—a sphere where each and all have homes, real, substantial, true, unencumbered with deed or mortgage, but held in fee simple by each occupant; where every soul has all things requisite for its use and benefit, according to its desire and needs; where no one can possess more than can be utilized for his or others' benefit; where hoarding and the miser's occupation are unknown; where the only poverty seen is poverty of soul, of mind, of virtue, of intelligence,—the only riches, wealth of purity, wealth of wisdom, wealth of love, wealth of right thoughts and right deeds.

Theories of human responsibility and

the Divine Economy more pernicious than the dogmas of vicarious atonement and the forgiveness of sin can scarcely be inculcated. Both of these sin-engendering, crime-promoting theological tenets are overthrown by Spiritualism. The angels from the spirit-clime proclaim, that as you sow so shall you reap; that be sure your sin will find you out; that for each violation, neglect, or omission of any moral law, the full penalty inevitably ensues, and no power in earth or heaven can prevent it; that all atonement for wrong-doing must be made by the offender in person, and no one else; that the last farthing must be paid ere you can be released from the dungeon-house created around you by your own misdeeds; that there is no escape from wrong-doing save in its abandonment and strenuous endeavor to rise superior thereto, which, in the end, will indubitably be crowned with success complete and ample.

Spiritualism cultivates our self-reliance, bidding us stand upon our feet, erect, Godlike, free; calling no man Master, but to develop our own individuality, thinking, reasoning, acting, for ourselves. Be ever open, however, to relinquish any thought or opinion, how deeply cherished soever it may be, if shown to be untrue; and judge the truth of all opinions, precepts, ideas, in the light of pure reason, unbiased by personal predilections or partisan prejudice. Seek ever one thing only,—TRUTH; and this for its own sake alone, because it is truth; when found, cherish it as the apple of your eye,—uphold it, defend it, on all occasions; yet regard not that as truth which is not based upon calm research, patient discrimination, and purest reasoning, being in strict accord with Nature and her immutable teachings.

The world is cursed with creedal sectarianism. Discord and strife incessant fill the earth, produced by clamorous propagandists of adverse, clashing dogmas, alike unreasonable, alike inimical to man's highest welfare. To still the troubled waters, Spiritualism, heaven-descended, appears on earth,—its principles leavening all sects, all creeds, liberalizing, rationalizing them, bringing their adherents closer together in friendship, amity, and love. Its beneficent influence is seen in literature and in theology, is felt in the political arena and in governmental statute, in the halls of finance and the busy marts of trade; its power reaching e'en the penetralia of church and State, school and family, gradually breaking down the barriers of creed and caste, uprearing, on firm-emented base, the nobler structure of Universal Fraternity, Brotherhood, and Love.

Superstition, dire and malign, fills the earth,—we find it everywhere, in every clime, among all people. From remotest ages the whole world has been virtually one vast mass of superstition; and the anti-superstitious truths of Spiritualism coming to a people surcharged with its sinister and noxious influence, must, when received by them, be largely colored therewith; and so we find it. This inbred superstition, the product of centuries' growth in progenitorial veins, is seen in many Spiritualists in their unreasoning reception of all that "the spirits" say,—following their real or supposed instructions in foolish hunts after concealed treasures, in will-o'-the-wisp speculations, and wild-goose-chase exploits. Others consult spirits habitually on all the affairs of life, business, personal, domestic, thereby evidencing their weak minds and feeble self-reliance.

This superstitious element is also seen directed into credulous receipt as infallible truth of everything purporting to emanate from the spiritual world, no matter how absurd or irrational the doctrines asserted or how opposed to the plain teachings of common sense. We see it in the avidity with which some Spiritualists swallow down and ably and forcibly advocate such evident puerilities and sophistical twaddle as re-incarnation, pre-existence of the soul as an individualized entity, obsession, occultism, the existence of elemental and elementary spirits, etc. The variant phases of superstition found among Spiritualists are in direct antagonism to the teachings of Spiritualism itself,—they forming no part of pure, unadulterated spiritual philosophy, but are excrescences, fungus-growths, relics of ancient superstitions and theological vagaries still permeating the mental atmosphere. Rightly understood, Spiritualism is the death-blow to superstition. It demonstrates law to be supreme in all the universe, as much in spirit-land as on

earth; that the *dicta* of spirits should never be received, no matter from whom purporting to come, unless in accord with the most enlightened reason and the manifest teachings of nature; that spirits out of the flesh are no more infallible than when in the flesh; that we should "try the spirits," test their asserted revelations in the crucible of common sense and the retort of natural intuition, rejecting at once all absurdities, inanities, trivialities, claiming a *post-mortem* origin.

Consequent upon the much-talked-of conflict between religion and science, the age is loudly demanding a religion—or rather *the* religion—that shall be in consonance with science in its every aspect,—fully in accord with nature's infallible revelations in earth and sky, in rock and star. To fill this demand, Spiritualism flashes athwart the mental firmament, illumining earth with the long-sought reconciliation,—welcoming thankfully every advance in scientific knowledge and attainment. Discarding the mythological fables of Judea, upon which are founded prevalent views of cosmogony and anthropology, it, with its revelations from the angel-spheres, confirmatory of the latest discoveries and deductions of modern science, affirms, through its mediums and seers, the evolutionary and nebular systems of creation or formation; the derivation by natural sequence of higher species from lower; the evolution of man from lower nature; the total absence of miracle and supernaturalism from the universe; and the perfect operation of natural law as accounting for all phenomena. Spiritualism, supplementing physical science, extends these fundamental principles to the spiritual universe, giving us glimpses of the higher realms of nature. Material science comes to a stop with the evolution of the physical universe, including its crowning work, the evolution of man, which, being taken up by Spiritualism, is carried forward into the evolution of the spiritual universe coetaneous with the physical,—man's spiritual body being evolved coincident with the material body, while worlds and systems of worlds, comprising the domain of spiritual existence, are developed coevasive with their material counterparts. Spiritualism interblends science, philosophy, and religion; it being at once a philosophical and religious science, a scientific and religious philosophy, and a philosophic and scientific religion.

Spiritualism asserts that the only true religion is that of the life and character,—morality, virtue, integrity, purity of heart and soul; that no special virtue inheres in prayers and praises, in devotional chanting or idolatrous book and church worship; that the religious duties of man consist in the culture of the intellect in the domains of science, philosophy, and art, and in the cultivation of the moral nature through the continuous aspiration for, and persistent practice of, all the excellencies and virtues of human character,—charity, kindness, truthfulness, purity, chastity, temperance, exact justice to all persons at all times, tempered with boundless love for all mankind. The ethics of Spiritualism may be summed up in this brief sentence: Morality the only Religion, Aspiration the only Prayer! An upright, sterling Pagan is much superior to, and will rank higher in the Beyond, than an immoral or bigoted Christian, be his professions never so loud; so a charitable, conscientious Roman Catholic is nearer heaven than a depraved, sensual Spiritualist, no matter how ardent his advocacy of Spiritualism and its higher moral phases; the interior life alone being the criterion,—worth, standard, character, being all in all, aside from all opinions and professions.

The tendencies of this age are strongly rationalistic. Enlightened human reason, so long repressed by theological mysticisms and metaphysical subtleties, is now asserting its sway, and in due time will be supreme in all departments of being. The spiritual philosophy, thrusting aside all other standards, declares Reason the only guide. It enthrones Reason as the sovereign arbiter upon all points and questions, including its own most deeply cherished principles; and thus is it rendering valuable service to the world.

Spiritualism proclaims the Brotherhood of Man, not as a mere sentiment, but as a living actuality. It affirms the equality of all human beings according to inherent capacity; that all are entitled to, and should be protected in, the full and free

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Brief Chapters on God—The Heavens.

BY ABRA L. HOLTON.

The anthem sung by the angels with the morning stars when great worlds were first balanced in the silent ether, and, like ours, by the same intelligence, made seats of life and activity, is still being chanted; and the "harmonies of nature" that soothed Pythagoras we can still see in contemplating the power that raises the sap of the trees and makes beat the hearts of lions and lambs; in the light that spreads verdure upon the fields, peoples the atmosphere and water with wonderful beauties, and by an incorporeal breath nourishes all life.

Thus we summon the deniers of creative intelligence, and those who believe in a God of cruelty and changeableness and assert that from the dawn of creation the Creator is mirrored in created nature. And as the positive method is really the only scientific way to arrive at a truth, and can be only made from the observation of facts, our duty is to examine astronomical facts in this article.

We are in conscious existence upon a terrestrial atom, and are bound, by destiny, here for a few days. Then let us forget our earthly abode, for an instant, and let our spirit launch into space and behold rolling before it worlds upon worlds, systems upon systems, in endless succession of starry universes.

When we contemplate the wonders of the heavens we are led to pause and consider the laws that seem to exist without apparent existence, and we find that the labors of the human mind have evolved for us, with a great degree of exactness, fundamental principles. Seventeen years of arduous labor and careful study of the observations of the great astronomer, Tycho Brahe, the veil surrounding matter gave up its secret that force ruled it, and in astronomy, to honor the student, this secret is called the laws of Kepler.

1. "Each planet describes around the sun an elliptic orbit, the center of the sun occupying one of its foci."

2. "The areas (or surfaces) described by the radius vector of a planet around the solar focus are proportional to the times employed in describing them."

3. "The squares of the times of revolution of the planets around the sun are proportional to the cubes of their mean distance."

Newton formulated in his immortal work, the "Principia," the synthesis of these laws; Herschel, agreeing with him, says, "that two molecules of matter attract each other in the direct ratio of the product of their mass and inverse ratio of the square of their distance."

"All elliptic movements of planets around the sun and of satellites around their planets, such as Kepler has termed them, are deducible as necessary consequences of the same law, even the orbits of comets being but special instances of planetary movements; that complicated inequalities of the moon's motions is due to the perturbing action of the sun, that the tides are caused by the unequal attraction exercised by those two bodies on the earth and on the ocean that surrounds it," the great French astronomer, Flammarion, says.

A renowned astronomer who was director of the Toulouse Observatory many years, said "the modern geometer can explain the balancing of the elliptic, the movement of the solar apogee, the retardation of Jupiter's motion when that of Saturn is accelerated, and the retardation of Saturn's, on the other hand, when Jupiter's is accelerated, and the great law of attraction rules the celestial movements."

Thus, in the light of science we can behold the Milky Way, and find suns there 2,000,000 miles in diameter, revolving through a space of 20,000,000,000 miles, and traveling with the speed of lightning, unerringly, unceasingly, following the exact path traced in advance by those forces themselves. Can our minds grasp such power and size? For instance, the Great Sirius, the "blazing Dog star of the ancients," "the king of suns," or Aldebaran, or Regulus, the bright star of Leo, or Vega or Polaris? Suns, all of them 2,000 times larger than our own. And wherever in the deserts of infinity we turn our gaze we find it peopled with billions and billions of suns and planets revolving through immeasurable orbits "as docilely as the points of a clock or the falling apple."

All these worlds, these dwellings of space, these life-producing molecules of matter appear like ships on the ocean, hurrying each on its own way, guided by an unerring compass, and carrying their populations—(our earth has inhabitants, can not other planets have?)—without fear of wrecks, or worry of incompetent captains, want of fuel, fireman or power. Stars, suns, wandering worlds, flaming comets, strange systems, mysterious bodies in all their convolutions maintain their equilibrium by the great law, technically termed "conservation of forces."

These laws bring to us our years, our seasons, and our days; through them we have light, and heat, and life, and the form and attire of celestial bodies. The speed with which we find worlds carried through space, following an exact path, so as to produce these harmonious effects, as seasons, days, light and life, etc., allows us to arrive but to one conclusion—a master intelligence rules in the midst of matter.

Who will dare to deny that an absolute sovereign does not reign in all matter? Who will claim to subject force to the blind constitution of matter, and retrograde it to the rank of slave? Materialist and a material religion have translated all these facts in their favor, the former infer the absence of all divine thought, the latter allows only that much which is of terror and man-like, revengeful, instead of the sublimity of love and wisdom.

In a book called "Force and Matter" we find the following: "All celestial bodies, large or small, confirm without any repugnance, exception or deviation to this law, inherent in every particle of matter, as we every moment experience. Spiritualists perceive in these facts the thought of an eternal God who imposes on creation the immutable laws by which it is perpetuated. But materialists there see, on the contrary, a proof that the idea of its proving the existence of a Supreme Being only a jest."

"It is easy," says Buchner, "to reduce the birth, constellation and motions of globes to the most simple processes rendered possible by matter itself. The hypothesis of a personal creative force is not permissible." "Why, because irregularity, accidents, disorder, exclude the hypothesis of a personal action ruled by intelligent laws, even if merely human in character."

M. Renan uses this expression: "For myself I think that there is not in the universe any intelligence superior to that of man." Hobbes settles that forever by observing: "The human mind is physical, wholly material. The phenomenon of consciousness is the direct result of our organization."

If the great heart of being could once behold these microscopical theorists, and answer their negations by requesting them to build a rose, tint a cloud, or guide a comet, their assertions would be as if they had never been.

After thirty years of research Copernicus published his book, "De Revolutionibus Orbium;" after twenty years of labor Galileo made known to the world the principles of the pendulum; seventeen years of arduous toil Kepler gave to formulating the laws that govern the universe; Newton, when an octogenarian, said he had not yet succeeded in comprehending the mechanism of the heavens. All those years of toil have been for naught, and those sublime laws that genius has discovered we are informed have no significance; that they do not reveal the cause that has imposed them upon matter, and with an intelligence even equal to that of man.

Buchner again says: "If an individual creative force was required to create worlds and habitations for man and animals, there remains to be known what purpose is suborned by this immense, desert, empty, useless space, in which swim suns and worlds? Why are not other planets of our solar system rendered habitable to man?" Adds another materialist: "Had there been a God, what purpose would have been subserved by the irregularities and immense disproportions of distance between the planets of our solar system?"

So to please these gentlemen there must be intercommunication between globes, it seems, and if they seriously entertain the thought there is always engineers of roads and bridges to whom they can apply, but the philosophy of the universe cannot entertain their ideas. And by what right can they point to "desert, empty, useless space," when, if they will but take the trouble to examine just the Pleiades wherein but six stars can be seen with the naked eye, they will find our great telescopes give us therein more than forty. Wonderful to behold! Even where the human eye fails to see brilliant stars through our largest glasses, the camera in conjunction with those glasses have photographed many bright worlds, proving that the great desert of empty space contains systems and suns living and moving beyond mortal ken.

Hudson Tuttle says: "The moon turns but once on its axis while it makes its revolution around the earth, so that it always presents to us the same side of its surface. We have a good right to demand the reason, for if there was any intention whatever, it would certainly have been shown in its execution." "Why," we are asked again, "why did not the creative force inscribe in lines of fire (in what language is not specified) its name on the heavens?" "What a stupid divinity!"

Truly, gentlemen, your mode of reasoning is admirable and equals your science. If you had only been so fortunate as to have been the architects of the universe, the intentions and designs would have all been most elaborately explained, and all inconveniences, been avoided, and you could have replaced God so advantageously, if one of your brother materialists had not said that which makes us doubt all your knowledge: "Doubtless it is not given us to know exactly why matter made a motion at a given time; but science has not pronounced the last word, and it is not impossible that we may some day be enabled to ascertain the epoch of the birth of globes." As you still admit of some ignorance, there is hope of your ultimate recovery from its darkness. But when you believe yourselves absolutely to know everything, we can not force the consequences.

If, for a moment, we could say: Oh, splendid worlds! stars, suns of space, inhabited spheres gravitating, around your brilliant centers receiving life and intelligence from the varied suns by which you

are illuminated; your aerial cradles are poised with confidence in view of the Most High, and you bow down like children before the divine will, humbly following the path marked out for you in the remote ages of time, contemplate for a moment among the myriad of stars that whiten the Milky Way—a little star of the smallest magnitude! You will perceive it to be a sun like yours, and around it a few miniature globes, that if compared with one of yours, would roll like billiard balls on its surface. Now, on one of these tiny worldlets is a race of beings of the animal order possessing reason. In the midst of this race are philosophers and thinkers who have declared there is not any cause why geometric rules govern the motions and methods of worlds—plainly, "that your God does not exist." They have signaled you to stop, and shouted and prayed, and sung to the man, or something in the form of a man, that they might catch a glimpse of or hear a sound from God. But they say, "Nature is dumb; there is no answer across 'the river of time and space';" and if there was a God, the materialist affirms, "he would have written his name in the heavens." The theologians, more suave, will have it he is angry and has hid his face, and an atonement has been made. They are firm in their belief,—the former there is no God, the latter, He is full of revenge.

O, glorious constellations! Place yourselves where you can perceive the nothingness of our terrestrial atom, our reasoning mite, and pity, but do not blame, because we cannot, all of us, see the spirit in nature.

The concurrence of many facts to sustain a theory and none to refute it, establishes it as a scientific law; therefore, the heavens proclaim that Law and Love is life, and, therefore, God and truth will abide if human understanding comes to naught.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1887.

Letter from Mrs. Mayo.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I made a short and very pleasant visit to San Diego on a late excursion from Los Angeles. I found our old friends and co-workers, Dr. and Mrs. King, with whom I stayed, still doing their work for humanity with the same zeal that has characterized their labors for so many years. They were preparing a very fine program for anniversary meetings and an entertainment for the 31st of March, Mrs. Bushyhead superintending with willing heart and active hands. I feel sure you will hear a report from them later on.

Mr. Ravlin was speaking there and giving good satisfaction, mingling with the people socially, and entering into their plans for building a spiritual temple with much interest. I hope they will succeed and that the Spiritualists of San Diego can soon boast of having as nice a place of worship for the spiritual philosophy as any other religious denomination in that city.

I attended one of Mrs. King's seances which was very pleasant, Theodore Parker controlling. Afterwards she gave tests and clairvoyant descriptions to the great satisfaction of many present.

The following evening Mrs. King, with her usual kind-heartedness, opened her parlor for a seance given by Mrs. Curyea for physical manifestations, much like Mrs. Maud Lord's, and I think quite as satisfactory. Mrs. Curyea, formerly, I think, Mrs. Burns, sits in the center of the circle, and all are cautioned against breaking the circle. Independent voices, lights, touch of hands, etc., also a large music box floated round the circle, the music playing all the while. One gentleman conversed with his mother in the Norwegian language. I could hear the replies in a distinct whisper. He professed himself as very much pleased, and it was a test to all present, as the medium, and I think no one in the circle, could speak one word of that language.

My only objection to the whole was the utter darkness. I do wish we could have these manifestations in light, if only a dim one. More light is what we want on all subjects. Mrs. Curyea gives excellent satisfaction as a slate-writer, so I am told, but I cannot speak from positive knowledge. The lady seems interested in her work, and I think she is a genuine and honest medium.

Mr. James G. Clark, of Minneapolis, Minn., the poet and singer, was also visiting friends in that city, and I had the pleasure of hearing him sing several pieces of his own composition, among which was "The Beautiful Hills." The friends in San Francisco will have an opportunity to hear him sing as he is soon to visit there. I feel sure our people will give him a hearty welcome, for he is a firm believer in our beautiful faith.

I have found very few Spiritualists in Los Angeles. There are very few mediums who advertise in daily papers. There have been no public meetings here, that I can find, at least. There is, I think, a society here called the Liberal League; Dr. York and Mr. Putnam have lectured for them. I shall be glad to come back to San Francisco and see the friends of our own faith and listen to Mrs. Watson once more, and the time is not far distant. May you be prospered in your good work, is the wish of

MRS. A. W. MAYO.

Opportunities are very sensitive things. If you slight them on their first visit, they seldom come again.

Philosophy of Evil Spirit Influences.

[From Spirit W. G. Clayton, through a private medium, transcribed for the Golden Gate.]

The conditions that attract spirits to mortals are so varied in their character, and it is so incomprehensible to many, why spirits should be allowed to influence people still in the flesh for evil, so many times when their natural inclinations are for goodness and purity, that I think a partial exponent, at least, may be acceptable to many whomay read this communication.

Knowing as you do that each personal characteristic continues the same, whether in the body or out of it, may give you some idea of the opposition felt by those whose desires are for things pertaining wholly to the earth, to being in some sense deprived of their enjoyment, since they can no longer enjoy, as they did when in the body, the things of the body, and still possess the desire, intensified by seeing others who are still able to gratify the same tastes they possess so doing. They long to gratify their own tastes, and finding some one whose organism they can influence partially, they tempt him to do, or go, where their desires lead them, and keep tempting and urging them on, putting thoughts of gratification of the lower feelings that actuate humanity into the minds of these "sensitives," until without knowing why, and against their better judgment, they are led into the commission of acts, which, if left to themselves, with the influences that naturally surround them, they would battle against and overcome without much difficulty.

Take, for instance, a man who would sometimes take a glass of liquor, but not drink to excess, or desire to do so. These evil disposed spirits find that they can, through his organism, obtain a sort of gratification, by inducing him to frequent places where liquor is sold and draw through his drinking what they desire. They attract others of like stamp, and haunt that man, keep the thought of stimulants before his mind, and influence him finally into doing what his own feelings would hold him back from.

We must on this side make a strong stand in such cases, and strive to influence both spirit and mortal, and keep up the fight for good against evil, until we prove at last victorious. Surely "the way of the Lord is past finding out," and "the way of the transgressor is hard."

These tempted ones when they succumb to the temptation (incomprehensibly to themselves sometimes) feel the torments of remorse and despair that comes with greater force to them than those *not* so tempted can imagine. It is so much easier to say "I would not do it," for one that has not the natural desire, which is worked upon by influences too strong to withstand, than to *act* were they in the same position.

Be chary of judging (you who have not the temptation) too harshly those who are thus tempted and fall. But with all the good influences you can bring to bear, aid them to recover themselves and again take up the work of life. Give them encouragement, and though they fall "seventy times seven times," lend your hand and moral support toward lifting them again to their feet.

In other cases beside intemperance these same influences can be traced. Suicide, embezzlement, and other acts that are performed by those whose integrity has never before been doubted, and on whose sanity and honor no shadow of suspicion had heretofore been thrown, may oftentimes be directly traced to this cause, which acted upon against their judgment lost them their all.

I am much interested in the work of aiding those spirits who come out of earth life with all its feelings and conditions strong upon them. What we want is a more complete understanding of this subject of Progression, on the part, both of spirits on earth, and those who have passed out of the body, to enable us to successfully cope with the hydra. Let those that have the knowledge so many possess of the wonderful workings of this philosophy, try to explain its workings to those with whom they come in contact that are seeking the light, and would gladly listen to intelligent exposition of its (to them) hidden meanings. Mind can control mind. Intellect can enlighten ignorance. The knowledge of this philosophy in its highest sense, can be brought to the notice, and adapted to the understanding of any, who feel a desire to have it explained.

The lower classes of spirits are constantly being labored with by those of higher intelligence, in order to induce them to rise above the conditions that keep them in the darkness of ignorance and vice that environs them through the lives they led, and the feelings that still animate them. The active co-operation of strong, well informed natures on both sides of life, will work a marvelous change and produce results that will be of untold benefit to mankind.

"Missionaries" will find work ready to their hand when they take up the thread of life this side, and the work will be of more importance than preaching the "change of heart" to those that do not hold the same faith in the Divine Providence that they do. The work of uplifting into the light those that dwell in darkness, in the *moral* depths of ignorance and wrong doing, will prove of far greater significance than the work they consider so sacred a trust while on earth. Let us then join hands in this crusade against ignorance whenever the opportunity oc-

curs. Give us your hearty co-operation, and the harvest returns will be increased fourfold.

WM. G. CLAYTON.

Letter from Col. Reed.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Several Sundays ago our society was discussing some of the wonderful phenomena of Spiritualism, when the learned Doctor Forden took occasion to remark, that as wonderful as the revelations of Spiritualism might be it was not more so than was the phenomena of human life; then, in his impressive, eloquent style, went on to show how wonderful was the structure of the human body. I will not attempt to follow the Doctor in his remarks, for I feel I would be altogether incompetent to do so. His remarks and theme has furnished food for discussion for our society for two subsequent meetings. Taking part in this interesting theme was the eminent scientist, O. P. Mason (editor of the *New Northwest*), Mrs. Dr. Sydin, Mr. Hunt and many others added their testimony in proof of what Dr. Forden had stated. I said I was willing to admit as truth all that had been said by these learned ladies and gentlemen regarding the phenomena of human life; that there was proof positive "that we were powerfully and wonderfully made"; that our bodies were, in fact, the "Temple of the living God," and that no man or woman living or dead had ever solved the great problem of human life; that if that problem ever was to be so solved that it lay far in the mysteries of future revelations; but that, I contended, however wonderful was human life, as manifested itself to-day in all its wonderful phases that it paled and dwarfed before the revelations of the spiritual phenomena. Human-life is transient, spirit-life eternal; human-life was gross and material, spirit-life refined and crystallized. That human-life with all its beauties and wonderful developments were but stepping-stones reaching only to the vestibule of this great temple of the spirit realm, we listen in wonder to the modulations of the human voice, but are thrilled with rapture when we hear the voices of angels; we gaze in delight on the beautiful forms and features of our loved ones clothed in fabrics made with our hands and fashioned by our cunning, but how insignificant and coarse they appear when the radiant faces, ethereal forms and flowing, golden, silken robes bewilder and entrance our vision.

We love to look on our cosy homes, our beautiful public buildings, our costly temples of worship, our gardens of flowers, our landscapes, our grand, majestic, mountains, "rivers that move in majesty, and the complaining brooks"; yet how insignificant they all appear when we catch glimpses of our "home over there," our houses of "many mansions," public buildings, whose seating capacity "no man can number"; temples of worship with walls of jasper and domes of precious stones, and lighted with lamps of eternal truth; landscapes, "whose halcyon vistas end only in vaster views to interblend," "while purpled in deep air its mountains rise to lose their summits in ethereal blue;" and it is to him or her only, to whom these revelations have been made, that can and do appreciate the grandeur and beauty of the spiritual philosophy.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, March 24, 1887.

The Remedial Institute.

[Alameda Encinal.]

The St. Charles Hotel, better known as the "Kohlmoos," on Railroad and Second avenues, has been opened as a remedial institute and school of instruction by a syndicate of physicians. The building has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished, and was opened under its new management the first of last week. The faculty of the institute is composed of Horace Bowen, M. D., Mrs. H. P. Van Kirk, M. D., Mrs. Horace Bowen, Professor S. Wait; I. B. Carpenter, Business Manager; H. A. Hotchkiss, Secretary; Miss A. Kelly, Matron, with a full corps of assistants. This institution is established for the treatment of all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, and for the elucidation of the laws of life and health. The system includes all the known means of cure and fundamental aids to health, together with the use of potent factors and forces never before applied. No particular system or "ism" will be made a specialty, but a general scope of the best methods of restoring and keeping health will be practiced and taught. The institute opens with flattering prospects of success. On Thursday of last week a large party arrived from the Eastern States, having engaged quarters in the institute. The party numbers nearly thirty persons, from points in all portions of the East. A large number more are expected in a few days. It will be seen by this that the institution starts in with a very flattering prospect ahead. The choosing of Alameda for such an enterprise is eminently advisable, as there is no healthier city on the Pacific Coast or in the United States. Our balmy climate, beautiful flowers and shrubbery, and other advantages that tend to interest and please invalids, cannot be excelled.

Put five drops of chloroform on a little cotton or wool in the bowl of a clay pipe, then blow the vapor through the stem into an aching ear and instant relief will be afforded.

Innovation.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Tie my wrists with hempen strands,
While brazen force around me stands!
You can not with your fetters bind
The daring impulse of the mind,
Nor quench the lightning sparks of thought
That upward from the scaffold leap,
To live and wait through slavery's years
Till Destiny's firm web is wrought—
To bide their time while tyrants sleep,
And prisoners pace their cells and weep—
Then burst with power, in bolt and flash,
And roaring flood and thunder crash
In answer to the exile's tears—
To work their will above control
Of human customs, courts, and laws:
So leaped the fires of Emmet's soul,
To burn anew in Freedom's cause
Wherever blades for Freedom rise,
Wherever Freedom's banners stream,
Wherever Freedom's thunders roll,
Wherever Freedom's lightnings gleam,
And man for Freedom strikes and dies!

Still my pulse and stop my breath—
Who works with Truth may play with death.
Hang me quick, and hang me high—
So hung the form of Old John Brown;
And though they cut the body down,
The shadow broader, higher grew;
It met the seas, it reached the sky,
And darkened mountain, lake and town;
Wherever Freedom's eagles flew,
Wherever Freedom's breezes blew—
From frigid North to fervid South,
From Maine to broad Columbia's mouth—
The shadow towered above the world
Where Freedom's stars in shame were furled;
It turned the stars and sun to blood,
And poured on earth a crimson flood!
The Nation quailed the bloody rain,
And all her first-born sons were slain.

Let me die! my work is done—
The dying stars proclaim the sun
That weaker eyes could not behold
And lower lights had not foretold,
Then die upon a bed of gold,
Because the grander light is born!
The highland hills that seaward glide
May vanish in the mountain side,
And, sinking through the voiceless earth,
Within the cold, dark caves abide:
But naught can stay their "second birth"
Or dim their resurrection morn:
Sometime, somewhere, in stronger tide
And warmer light and broader sweep,
They rush to swell the distant deep,
That turns its awful palms to heaven,
That girdles with its mighty hands
All kingdoms, empires, realms and lands—
Within whose all-embracing rim
The fleets of nations sink or swim
Like fire-flies in the mist of even,
And on whose all-receiving breast
The Ages lay their dead to rest.

Lead me forth! I'm ready now!
Pull the black cap o'er my brow,
You cannot blind my inner sight—
I see the dawn behind the night:
Beyond the dawn I see the day;
And through the day I see the Truth
Arising in immortal youth!
The sunbeams on her forehead play;
The lilies in her tresses twine;
The Peace of God dwells in her face
And rolls the clouds of war away;
Around her feet the roses grow;
Her tender bosoms swell and flow
With healing for the stricken race,
And in her eyes seraphic shine
Faith, Hope and Love and every grace!
The Old recedes, the New descends,
Earth clasps the hand that Heaven extends—
The Lion and the Lamb are friends!

—World's Advance Thought.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Requiem.

BY FUCHSIA.

In the full pride and glory of its power,
A woman plucked a royal, fragrant flower,
And gently cast it on a bare, cold rock,
Which thrilled with answering tremor of Love's shock,
And glowed with radiant light all warm and bright!
Anon, its spirit woke, and pure and white
It stood before her instinct with new life,
And for a time its very soul seemed rife
With love divine. But in the passing hour
Its glory waned to a mere Passion Flower—
A fickle, changeable flame that can not claim
Allegiance true unto Love's holy name,
But all insatiate in its blind desire
For earthly joys, builds its own funeral pyre!
And yet, O Love, methinks that from thy tomb
A purer fire shall rise, a flower shall bloom
Immortal in its light, to shine above
The stars, beyond the night, where LIFE is Love.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Treachery.

BY MARY W. MCVICAR.

How much the heart may bear and yet bear on—
How much the soul ere yet earth's fetters burst!
But of all cruel blows which we endure,
Those dealt by traitor hands I think are worst.

An open foe we meet with armor on,
But when one comes in love or friendship's guise,
We are defenceless—all our weapons gone—
The sport of cruel craft, of tricks and lies.

To him all doors are freely open flung—
We welcome him to our most sacred shrine,
And feel our garnered treasure all too poor,
Though we say freely "all we have is thine."

And then, when he has taught the heart to take
Its light, its life and color from his own,
That all its hunger shall be satisfied,
He gives to us, instead of bread, a stone.

His hands, where we thought faith and trust were safe,
Rend with their treachery our hearts in twain,
Deface our highest, holiest, and leave
Us with the dead their cruelty has slain.
Detroit, Mich.

The Use of Sorrow.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Not from Joy's hand the boons for aye—
He gives but toys, pleasing to-day,
To-morrow, willing put away;
Only wise Sorrow holds the heart—
Gives gifts with which we cannot part.
Best friend is Grief. Believe, believe
It is a blessed thing to grieve.
Knowledge and pleasure dwell apart,
Wisdom mates with the broken heart;
Only the eyes cleansed with tears
Perceive the meaning of the years,
Unto the sight thus purified
The gates of mystery open wide,
And patient watching makes to know
This life and that to which we go.

"Christ and the Angels."

On this subject Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman recently delivered two discourses in Washington, the doctrines contained in which were full of the truths revealed by Spiritualism. He gave a graphic description of the scene on Mount Tabor, when Christ was transfigured while passing the night in prayer with Peter, James and John, the light from heaven suddenly shining brightly around them, and the forms of Moses and Elias standing with Christ in a halo of glory before the three chosen disciples. Dr. Newman's argument was, that from the appearance of Moses and Elias, persons who have passed from this life are not dead, but have passed into life eternal, and that they constitute a great family in the presence of God the Father. He believed that the world of nature and the world of spirits were closely related. He believed in a future life very near to this one, and right now and for all time. He said that to him there was no death, but the grave is the entrance into life.

God, said Dr. Newman, is most prodigal of life. It is everywhere, in the earth and on the earth, in the sea and above the sea, in the atmosphere or beyond the atmosphere, in the fungus, the diamond and the aurora. Give the astronomer a more powerful telescope, and what worlds of life he will discover; give the microscopist a broader lens, and what new varieties of life become visible. The fact that twenty thousand suns are known to exist, each one the center of a system, and the futility of supposing that man would ever be able to number the stars, were impressed upon the minds of his hearers with great effect. Astronomers thought that had enumerated the stars until Herschel discovered that the Milky Way was an aggregation of stellar luminaries. Are these worlds inhabited? he asked. If they are not, he answered, what are they for? Did not Christ say, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you?" It would not accord with the wisdom or dignity of God to find pleasure in masses of mere matter, or in the revolution of these suns. Everything in Scripture and science, said the preacher, pointed to the dense population of the universe.

Compared with that of other known worlds, the size of our planet is insignificant. Who occupy these worlds about us? he asked. In his belief their inhabitants are for the most part spiritual beings. And he reasoned that there can be no monotony in living where the consciousness of living is one of the greatest joys. The eloquent preacher proceeded to descend upon the degrees of intelligence and grades of the celestial hosts, from the lowest up to the Creator himself as he could conceive of him. He spoke of the varied and active duties of the angels, whom he showed to be ministering spirits; and set forth their consoling and supporting influences. "Man of crime and of sin," said he, "angels' eyes are upon thee. Receive the truth in all its fullness and glory. Have angelic companionship. May it be our blessed privilege to have them with us as our guardians through life, and with them to depart to our everlasting home in the skies." This is the sort of evidence that convinces us that the living and lasting truths of Spiritualism are taking possession of the pulpits and permeating the minds and hearts of the churches.

The Joyful Revelation of Spiritualism.

[Ella L. Merriam in Spiritual Offering.]

Oh, what a joyful revelation to a world of doubting, darkened minds is our spiritual philosophy! How upon the smouldering ashes of departed hopes it rekindles a brighter, warmer and an abiding glow, thrilling our pulses with new life and animation. How like a voice of softest, sweetest penetration from out the heretofore vast mysterious beyond, it assures shipwrecked, storm-tossed mortals of a safe and beautiful shore, where supernal breezes, cloudless skies, and sublime symphonies from Nature's celestial orchestra, greets the weary travelers, welcoming them forevermore to this haven of rest, peace and heavenly enjoyments.

Oh, bright, beautiful revelation of truth to man. Food imperishable. Living water to starving, thirsting humanity! Oh, sovereign balm for the many painful wounds received in the battle of life! Panacea for its numerous ills, and a never failing consolation for its various troubles. Support, guide and encouragement through the labyrinth of earth's varied experiences to the gleaming portals of the beyond. Brilliant, unfading star! Shining through the deepest, darkest gloom of our earth sorrows and mental despair for every soul peering out into the mists and shadows of superstition and error, to guide and encourage their wandering footsteps.

In this divine illumination, earth-life appears an ever changing, varying scene of beauty, happiness and usefulness. A boundless expanse of grand opportunities and divine possibilities, extending into the newly revealed fields of spiritual delights. Death's long boasted terror gives place to surpassing joy over a spiritual birth, and the long mourned separation of loved ones becomes but a phantom of the erroneous, gloomy past, while we recognize instead, a fonder, truer, and

closer communion! No torturing fears for the invisible future, but an abiding, increasing trust in the Infinite Heart of our All-Father. Oh, divine messenger of all truth! May thy progress be accelerated by the honest, earnest efforts of those who have received thy cheering influence, to their unspeakable delight.

Saved by Kindness.

[The Pacific.]

John Roach, the famous ship-builder, believed in the law of kindness in dealing with erring men. Out of the twenty-five thousand men employed by him first and last, there were seventy found guilty of criminal conduct. He saved sixty of them. This is his story of the way he reformed a "confirmed drunkard." The man was a "master workman."

"He had terrible sprees, and had them pretty often. He would come raving into the shops, disgracing himself and disgusting everybody. When sober he was penitent, and I forgave him and took him back again and again. I appealed to him till there seemed to be nothing left to appeal to. One morning he came in after one of his sprees, and said: 'Mr. Roach, I want you to discharge me. You can't make anything of me. I have broken my promise and abused your trust over and over. You took me up when I had nothing to do, and you learned me your trade and paid me good wages, and have bore with my faults till it ain't human to ask you to bear any more. Now discharge me.'

"Mike," says I, 'I won't discharge you; but I'll let you resign. I'll write your resignation,' for an idea struck me. I went to my desk and wrote:

"John Roach, Sir:—You helped me when I was penniless. You gave me work when I was idle. You taught me when I was ignorant. You always paid me well. You have borne with my infirmities over and over. But I have lost my self-respect, and have not enough regard for you, or love for wife and children, to behave like a man; and, therefore, I hereby withdraw from your employment."

"I gave it to him and said: 'I want you to promise me one thing, that you will always carry this with you, and that when about to take a glass of liquor you will take this out, sign it, and mail it to me before you drink.' He promised solemnly that he would. He stayed in my employ for years, and was never drunk again."

THE WAY TO CONQUER.—"I'll master it," said the axe; and his blows fell heavily on the iron. But every blow made his edge more blunt till he ceased to strike. "Leave it to me," said the saw; and, with his relentless teeth, he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down and broken, and he fell aside. "Ha, ha!" said the hammer. "I knew you wouldn't succeed. I'll show you the way." But at the first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before. "Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame. They all despised the flame; but he curled gently round the iron and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence. —The Examiner.

A DARING SACRILEGE.—About a century ago a woman in Germany was convicted of having changed a sentence addressed to Eve, in Genesis, in which man is spoken of as lord of woman, "And he shall be thy lord." This passage she made to read, by changing the word "he" to "narr," "And he shall be thy fool." As the Greek of old was tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, so this German woman was tired of hearing man lauded as the superior of woman. The authorities were so horrified at her revised edition of Genesis that she was hanged. —Kansas City Times.

A UNIQUE RESIDENCE.—The beautiful villa being built for Mr. Jesse Shepard on Sherman heights is nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy in a few weeks. Several boxes filled with objects of art have already arrived from Paris, souvenirs from his many admirers in France, and tokens of esteem and appreciation are constantly arriving from eminent people in all parts of the world to grace the walls of this unique residence. Mr. Shepard's home will be a center of artistic and literary culture quite unlike anything of the kind on this continent. —The Daily Bee, San Diego.

It is said that in every hotel and boarding house in Russia, where foreigners are received, some person in the establishment is required, under penalty of a heavy fine, to act as spy over the guests, and to report to the Government officials the results of such surveillance.

THE Inter-Ocean says that some of the elegant New York bars were draped in mourning upon a recent Sunday, and remarks that it would be suggestive and quite in keeping doubtless with a good many of the homes of their patrons if the mourning should be kept up during the whole week.

A little six-year old Holyoke boy astonished his mother by exclaiming, "I wish I was a little angel!" Wondering what holy ideas were filling his young mind, she waited for a reason. "Then I could see all the circuses at once!"

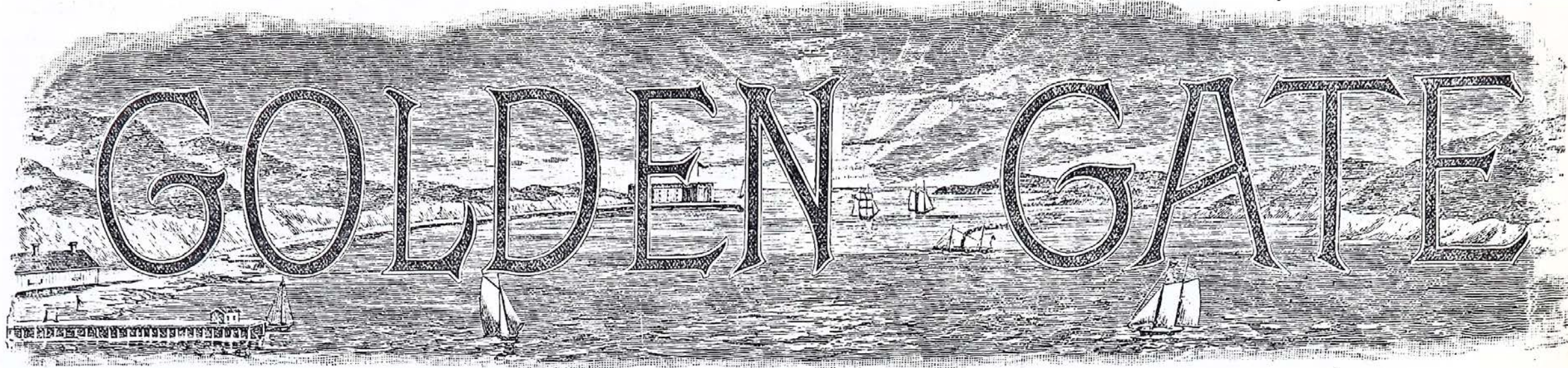
ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE STATION, FOOT of Market Street, SOUTH SIDE, at
A. M., daily, for Alvarado, Newark, Centerville, 8:30
Alvarado, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wrights, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, Boulder Creek, SANTA CRUZ, and all way stations—Parlor Car.
2:30 P. M. (except Sunday), Express: Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centerville, Alvarado, Agnew, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder Creek and SANTA CRUZ—Parlor Car.
4:30 P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Clara.
\$5 Excursion to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, and \$2.50 to SAN JOSE, on Saturdays and Sundays, to return on Monday inclusive.
\$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return—Sundays only.
8:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., Trains with Stage at Los Gatos for Congress Springs.
All Through Trains connect at Felton for Boulder Creek and points on Felton and Pescadero Railroad.

To Oakland and Alameda.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.

In the presence of the unknown all have an equal right—to think.

Recompense injury with justice, and kindness with kindness.—*Confucius*.

Ignorance worships mystery, Reason explains it; the one grovels, the other soars.

It is not enough to have no errors of belief, you must have positive reason for your faith.

Every bond of your life is a debt; the right lies in the payment of that debt; it can lie nowhere else.—*George Eliot*.

We are all of us made more graceful by the inward presence of what we believe to be a generous purpose.—*George Eliot*.

All of us—whether men or women—are liable to this weakness, of liking to have our preference justified before others as well as ourselves.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it, but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.—*Madame de Staël*.

Wisdom and truth are immortal; but cunning and deception, the meteors of the earth, after glittering for a moment must pass away.—*Robert Hall*.

Whoever labors for the happiness of those he loves, elevates himself, no matter whether he works in the dreary shop or the perfumed field.—*Ingersoll*.

Blindness acts like a dam, sending the streams of thought backward along the already-traveled channels and hindering the course onward.—*George Eliot*.

A loving act does more good than a blazing exhortation. What the race needs is not more good talkers but more Good Samaritans.—*J. S. Breckenridge*.

Affections, like Spring flowers, break through the frozen ground at last, and the heart, which seeks but for another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

Times of the greatest calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore comes from the hottest furnace; the brightest flash from the darkest cloud.

The character-builder in our civilization is home. Where you get a wise father and a wise mother, you will get noble children and noble citizens in spite of all other hindrances.—*E. P. Powell*.

The history of one monad is as unknown as that of the universe; one drop of water is as wonderful as all the seas; one leaf, as all the forests; and one grain of sand, as all the stars.—*Ingersoll*.

Well, suppose life to be a desert? There are halting-places and shades and refreshing waters; let us profit by them to-day. We know that we must march on when to-morrow comes, and tramp on our destiny onward.—*Thackeray*.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness—altogether past calculation in its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—*Carlyle*.

WHAT IS THE MIND OF MAN, AND BY WHAT LAW DOES IT CONTROL MATTER?

A Discourse by the Guides of W. J. Colville, Delivered at Metropolitan Temple, July 11, 1886.

[Reported for the GOLDEN GATE by G. H. Hawes.]

The very large audience gathered this evening probably contains many persons who have joined metaphysical classes, and who have taken, or are still taking, instructions in the power of mind over matter. The majority of uninstructed persons entertain many erroneous ideas concerning mental science; misconception is broadcast in the land concerning what true metaphysical teaching really is.

As we are actively engaged in promulgating metaphysical ideas both in this city and in Oakland, and as we have been endeavoring to promulgate them year after year ever since we first took our stand upon the public platform, we have deemed it well to reply thus publicly to the oft repeated question, "What is the mind of man, and by what law does it control matter?"

There are not many persons who seem to be prepared for what may be termed the higher metaphysics, as not many persons are prepared for what are termed the higher mathematics; and while only a few are ready for the higher mathematics, and only a few for the higher metaphysics, to use a common expression, it is useless for speakers to fly over the heads of their auditors, and equally useless for writers to employ language which their readers can not comprehend, it is always useless to indulge in the utterance or circulation of advanced ideas which are so very far above the attainment of the majority as to be practically incomprehensible to the public, in a miscellaneous audience. We do not, moreover, under any circumstances, aim at carrying people up into the clouds and leaving them there; we do not aim at bewildering and mystifying the minds of scholars who have come into our audience recently, seeking for information; and we do not advocate or adopt phraseology of a peculiar stamp abounding in technicalities, and applying such language to all occasions and to all audiences. Therefore if some of our extremely metaphysical friends find that some of our public addresses are not clothed in the phraseology of certain schools, they will kindly remember that our endeavor is to give to the public at large, so far as we are able, the fundamental principles of a science, philosophy and religion, which is good news for all people and not special information for a privileged few. You all know that Socrates, the great Athenian sage, was celebrated for the remarkable simplicity of his utterance, and for his willingness and ability to adapt his instructions to all classes of hearers, but there were certain parties in Greece who hunted to death that great apostle of truth because he spoke the truth too plainly, and in language adapted to the public ear. When Jesus appeared a few centuries later in Galilee, we are told that the common people heard him gladly, and a great multitude of the common folk followed him wheresoever he went. He had so large a following of the common people that it aroused the ire and stirred the indignation of the scribes and pharisees and chief priests and rulers of the people, so that certain apostate Jews joined with cruel and tyrannical members of the Roman population to condemn as a malefactor one whose only offense was that he preached the gospel unto all people.

Since his day there have been multitudes who have endeavored to reveal truth, and also many who have endeavored to hide truth. There have been many who have gathered around them little knots of chosen followers whom they sought to instruct and initiate in hidden wisdom, and others who felt it to be their duty to address the masses, to even go out to the highways and byways, and hedges, and compel all to come in to the gospel feast.

We do not, ourselves, take any extreme position or hurl any accusation against those who speak for the few only, but we do believe an age is now dawning when

the Sphinx of mystery and secrecy will destroy herself and cast her remains to the very winds, as the question she propounds to every traveler passing by will be answered by enlightened humanity. We foresee that all secret societies, all great Masonic, and all private occult organizations will be outgrown in the glorious democracy of the future. We predict that all that wisdom, which has so long been whispered in the ears of the few, will be proclaimed on the house-tops and without the use of parables. In the past even the few could scarcely understand without a parable, but the day is now dawning when a spiritual revolution will sweep over the shores of earth and lave all the world with truth known only to the seers and sages of antiquity, but destined at length, like a mighty avalanche, to sweep away all barriers, like the impetuous mountain torrent that destroys everything that would dam its course. The truth proclaimed in the coming era will lave all the shores of earth with living water from the perennial fountain of immortal knowledge.

The spiritual revelation of to-day is remarkable for its catholicity, its purely cosmopolitan character. It is remarkable for its adaptation to all classes. We are told in the New Testament, in the second chapter of Acts, that when the Holy Spirit came, every man heard, in his own language, the wonderful works of God. This speaking in many tongues, this conversing or delivering divine messages in many languages, would only have been a repetition of the confusion at the Tower of Babel; if one had risen and spoken in Hebrew, another in Greek, and another in Latin, all at once, if different languages had been spoken at random merely as wonderful phenomena, scarcely any good would have been accomplished, and the gaping crowd, eager for novelty rather than for truth, listening with wide open ears and mouths, would have been astonished but not edified. But when this speaking in many tongues was the voice of the Holy Spirit of truth employing many and many an instrument in its service, then the speaking in many languages signified an adaptation of truth to the needs and requirements of all hearers.

Now in this age we maintain that all institutions which are not for the multitude, that all religions and all philosophies that are not for the masses are doomed to pass away, for this age is one that demands a fulfillment of the glorious Messianic prophecy that the waters of knowledge shall cover the earth, even as the waters of the sea cover the ocean bed.

We maintain that man has long been in ignorance of his real nature because he has persistently cultivated only one side of it, and that the least important side. We hold that the majority of the people know little or nothing of their spiritual being, because they are not educated spiritually. They are certainly educated in a few moral platitudes; they are generally taught the Lord's prayer and the Ten Commandments, in the vulgar tongue; they are, it is true, generally brought up to hear a chapter read from the Bible in their homes or in the public school; but they soon leave the school and go out into the world, and then in the race for wealth the race is to the materially swift and the reward to the physically strong. In the great contest for material supremacy the moral and spiritual education of the public, century after century, has been lamentably neglected. As all things spiritual have been spoken of dogmatically, as men have been told that they must not and can not investigate, that they can not reason and inquire into the realm of spirit as they can into the realm of matter, religion has become superstitious, while science has become cold and materialistic.

Now we venture to affirm that true theology is a divine science; that theology—which means the science of God—is as much a science as geology, which means the science of the earth. We venture to affirm that man can discover spiritual laws and principles as well as he can discover the position of a star or the age of a rock. We maintain that man can by the use of his spiritual faculties enter into and understand the laws and forces of the spiritual world; that he can consciously, knowingly, stand face to face with the spiritual realities of the eternal universe; that he can use the spiritual powers which are already his in blasting the rocks of ignorance and fear and preju-

dice, and force his way even through a hell-gate of opposition into the clear, calm waters that lie beyond the jagged promontories of error. We maintain that man is now in possession of a power adequate to invent a spiritual telescope, a spiritual microscope, a spiritual spectroscope, and that as material things are brought to him day by day for analysis, even so ideas and thoughts and all the great entities of spiritual being can be spread out before him. But the physiologist, the anatomist and vivisectionist have all been so occupied in the vivisection of matter, that failing to find the soul in the physical organism, they conclude that probably there is no soul. They can not find the brain of the spiritual body, and therefore they suppose that the spiritual body, if there is one, has no life or intelligence apart from the material organism. They have so confounded cause and effect, so persistently commenced at the wrong end instead of at the right, they have dealt so long and so much with effects as though they were causes, that the medical science of to-day is so pre-eminently materialistic, that men professing Christianity believe far more in the mineral system of Paracelsus than in the spiritual system of Jesus, even though professing to call themselves disciples of Jesus, living in Christian families and worshipping in Christian temples. The New Testament is considered but as a record of wonderful things which transpired long ago; the statement that certain unmistakable signs shall follow those who believe is regarded as mere hyperbole, or else as applicable to a distant age and not to the present moment. Because of this persistent adoration of matter and ignorance of mind, it is possible for a sarcastic orator like Colonel Ingersoll to win the applause of thousands of people who have paid a large admission to hear him on a Sunday evening, when he exclaims, "Can you show one miracle to-day to prove that miracles ever took place in the past?" And the young men of to-day—the young men educated for the legal and medical professions, or educated for mercantile pursuits, fresh from college proud of their degrees of honor or their diplomas, applaud Ingersoll to the echo because he ridicules the idea that mind has ever so far conquered matter as to produce a marvel or a wonderful event which is rightly termed a miracle, a word simply derived from a Latin verb which signifies to be astonished, and not by any means signifying contrary to the laws of the universe. But Colonel Ingersoll is not altogether unreasonable; he appeals to the judgment of the people with the Bible in their hands who tell him Jesus walked on the sea, but if any account were published in a paper—even in a religious paper—that some one walked upon the sea upheld by divine power to-day it would be treated as a thing of fancy or imagination. We are told that Jesus healed the sick by the laying on of hands, but the religious pulpit and press, as a rule, has denounced even magnetic treatment, to say nothing of the higher phases of metaphysical, mental or spiritual healing. We are told that wonderful cures were performed in the presence of the disciples, but in our day when a President is ill though Christians pray for him in their churches that he may be healed, if you talk to them of faith healing and prayer healing they tell you that is all superstition, and if people are healed at all they are healed by materia medica. In an age of such gross inconsistencies, among a population affirming with one hand what they deny with the other, do you wonder that there is so much materialism, so much rampant infidelity and skepticism, that religion is being ridiculed, and the churches are beginning to complain bitterly of a decline in religion? Do you wonder that fairs are necessary to increase the subscription to pay the expenses of religious worship?

The New Testament is said to be the Word of God, and yet the statements therein contained are only true in the reading desk of a church, they are untrue immediately you get outside of it. These insane contradictions and discrepancies, this belief that there were spiritual gifts eighteen hundred years ago, but that they no longer exist, this belief that there once were prophets, but are none now, this belief that there were truthful promises made by Jesus, but that they have not been fulfilled—these are the follies which have dealt death blows at Christianity and every other form of religion. It is only

among those who are denounced as heretics and disturbers, only among the unorthodox, only among those who gather in separate congregations and feel that it is their mission to deliver a new message to humanity, that the gifts of the spirit are accepted as the common property of humanity to-day, as they were the common property of humanity in ages gone by. We have very frequently declared that from our point of view such wonders as may be said to be physical and relate only to the healing of the body, are of secondary importance, while those which are related immediately to mind and morals, character and conduct, are of the highest moment. We have said again and again that is a greater work to reform a drunkard than to heal a broken limb; a greater work to change a wicked man into a saint than to cure the most virulent cancer or to save a person from consumption when given up by the best physicians. But while we are always ready to maintain that the reformation of character or the elevation of morals is the one thing needful, and that he who can do this work of saving and reforming society can do the greatest work of all, we also maintain that in the power to do the greater there lies the power to do the lesser works; and if these great moral and spiritual triumphs can be accomplished by spiritual power, there is no reason to doubt that in the arena of the universe there is ample room for demonstration of another order not quite so high, not quite so mighty, and yet very useful and beautiful, and in many cases, we may say, necessary for the demonstration of truth.

It is the mind of man, it is spirit that giveth understanding, it is the divine, the immortal in man that needs to be recognized here and now. We must learn to think of ourselves as spiritual beings; we must no longer place the thought of our life in matter; we must learn to feel that our spiritual life is ours now and forever, and that while mortal dissolution may some day render us invisible to material sight, yet we shall still be in the realm of spirit after death, even as we are in the realm of spirit before death. That we are in the realm of spirit before death is the great question to be decided in all the schools of thought to-day. The recognition of all life as a spiritual power, the recognition of all being as spiritual is the one great fact that claims recognition at the hands of all mankind. Many persons speak slightly of what they term idealism and maintain that we are living in a practical age, and that we ought to be a practical people; that we should concern ourselves with practical endeavors, as everything not strictly practical is unworthy our consideration.

Now we maintain that those things which are most spiritual, most mental, most metaphysical, are the most practical of all. The practicability of the idea is a topic none can discuss too often; the practical side of all spiritual revelation is its most important side. But what do we mean by practical? Is that which concerns the multitude of humanity and human welfare at large unpractical, while the matter of your personal business is practical? Are great questions of science, literature and art unpractical, while the questions of how you are to trim your bonnet or fashion your dress is practical? Is your dinner a practical question, and the salvation of humanity unpractical? Is the mere attainment of physical strength practical, and the great ideas which are yet to be translated into outward embodiment unpractical? If the world had no dreamers, no visionaries, no prodigies in the realm of mind; if there were no men and women who soared on wings of thought above all material things and built castles in the air, we should see no new inventions and no improvement in any department of external life. Look upon this building, it is a very practical edifice indeed, the most practical, the most utilitarian people would be willing to admit that the building of this temple was a very practical work; people brought together such practical substances as wood, brick and mortar, carpets, chairs and gas-pipes; but where would that practical organ have come from if there had never been an ideal organ in the mind of an organ builder? There was a time when there was no organ on the earth; then where did the first organ come from? How did the organ get to the earth? There was an organ somewhere in the

(Continued on Third Page.)

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Short Chapter on God—The Earth.

BY ABRAHAM L. HOLTON.

NO. 3.

Linnaeus, after concluding his great work on the organizations of plants, exclaimed: "I have not seen God face to face, but this reflection of him, taking possession of my soul, has cast it into the stupor of admiration. I have followed here and there his footsteps among the things of creation; and in all his works, even in the smallest and most imperceptible, what force, what wisdom, what indefinable perfection! I have observed how animated beings are superimposed and linked with the vegetable kingdom, the vegetables themselves to the minerals which are in the bowels of the earth, while the earth itself gravitates in an invariable order around the sun to which it owes its life. Finally, I have seen the sun itself and all the other stars, all the celestial systems, immense, incalculable in its infinitude, moving in space, suspended in the void by a primary, incomprehensible motor, the Being of beings, the Cause of causes, the Guide and Preserver of the universe, the Master and Workman of all the work of the World."

"Is it that which you desire to call Providence? That is in fact a very good name, and nothing but his council explains the world. It is then correct to believe that he is an immense, eternal God which no being has begotten, whom none has created, without whom nothing exists, who has made and ordained this universal work. He escapes from our eyes which he perpetually fills with his light; only thought can comprehend him; it is in that deep sanctuary that his majesty is concealed."

J. S. Mill observes that "the mind is a voltaic pile giving shocks of thought." Such minds are on the low grade of a chemical product and certainly can not be capable of comprehending the emotions and knowledge of Linnaeus; only those who have poetry in their souls can understand the poetry of things, and feel the wisdom and truth when it uprises from inspired spirits.

The animal is distinguished from the vegetable and mineral by having a nervous system. It is the battery instead of the mind of all mental phenomena. It is by it that we perceive all sensations; it is a mark of our animality and regulates all our movements. Destroy the nerves and you destroy sensation; break the telegraph wires and no dispatch is transmitted.

Paralyze the optic nerve, the animal becomes blind, and still the eye has not lost its luster and the images continue to form in the rear of the eye, but the dead nerve no longer transmits the sensation of vision; it no longer exists; but how many blind people know colors by the touch, the nerves of feeling awaken in their minds the proper knowledge, proving mind or soul is superior to matter. The ear is so constituted as to collect sonorous vibrations, but if the acoustic nerve is injured or destroyed, or the living brain is diseased, there is discord, deafness and inharmonious.

This idea that the nerves are the mind, or the mind or soul is a chemical pile, and that anything that destroys any part of the physical body destroys part of that mind or soul is a very weak philosophy.

Lincoln always closed an argument by relating some incident that happily elucidated his point. So we beg to relate one that we think apropos to this subject: A young lady of our acquaintance was both deaf and dumb, caused by a severe illness at seven years of age. A month's visit, in her father's family, during a school vacation, brought us much together. Music and mirth ruled the hour; her brothers and sisters were highly educated, fine musicians, and had a grand piano. She was always smiling, always busy and genial, and enjoyed our jokes hugely, even joining our games, for we could converse with her in the sign language, as she was a graduate of one of the best deaf and dumb asylums in the country. But our music could not be conveyed to her understanding, for she could not hear the loudest thunder or the roar of a cannon. One day, as we listened to one of her sisters executing one of Beethoven's sonatas, we noticed she had placed her elbows upon the sounding-board and was looking with earnestness at the player. All at once she gave one cry, so wild and strong it brought everybody to their feet and from other parts of the house to the room. To our amazement she showed us she could feel the music; she gave the time, and by her signs and motions we knew she had heard. Waltzes were played, and she grasped them so readily we taught her to dance them. Sacred music would make her weep, and as she expressed herself: "I feel hear—not by my ears, but through my brain without entering the ear." That soul had been imprisoned all those years from childhood to mature maidenhood, and now the spirit in the prison heard the sounds through the nerves of feeling. Do you blame her for giving that shout? We all shouted, you better believe, and our music had notes of joy thereafter in that household.

If certain nerves are dead, certain mental qualities cease to be manifest, but the spirit is not dead, it can not demonstrate its existence, that is all. An artist can not paint a portrait without artistic

implements, a musician can not play Mozart's symphonies upon a harp that has lost its strings, yet the former is still an artist, the latter still a musician; so the spirit in the animal is just as perfect, but it is imperceptible because certain nerves, implements, let us call them, have been destroyed.

Superior to matter an immaterial principle exists that is everlasting and distinct. Virgil, who lived and wrote in the early dawn of letters, said: "A spirit animates all matter," and it would be well if every one would read and heed his words.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 21, '87.

A Clinching Test.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The writer of this communication investigated the truth of Spiritualism for the first time in the first part of the month of March ult. W. R. Colby was the second medium I ever interviewed or tried to get a test from, and this was on the evening of the first day that my investigation began.

Whilst seated at a table in company with a friend, before the medium and on the evening above alluded to, hoping to hear from our relatives and friends in spirit life, the name of McLaughlin (through the hand of the medium) appeared on the slate. As neither I nor my friend recognized any such person as having gone to the "hither side," the spirit (through the mediumship of Mr. Colby, always bear in mind) asked (on slate also remember), "Don't you remember that I was hung at Hearne, Texas," (on such a day, month and year now forgotten) "by a mob for running a carving knife through a waiter in a restaurant (or hotel)? Code Brown was Marshal of the town at the time." My friend who had resided at Hearne about that time, having replied that he could not remember the tragedy, the spirit then said, (through medium on slate), "I will draw a diagram of the town, railroads, etc., and the tree that I was hung on, north of the depot; and quicker than it takes to tell it, the diagram was drawn, and my friend, after inspecting it closely for a few minutes, ejaculated, "Well, if I had taken a month to describe the town, railroads and surroundings, I couldn't have done it as well. And here in the diagram is the tree, north of the depot, that he said he was hung on."

A day or two after this—knowing the the county seat of the county in which Hearne was located—in order to test the truth or fallacy of this purported communication from spirit land, I wrote to the Sheriff of Robertson county, Texas, inquiring if a man by the name of McLaughlin had been hung by a mob in Hearne, while Code Brown was Marshal, for running a carving knife through a waiter in restaurant (or hotel). My letter was dated March 21st, and in writing it I was careful to conceal the object I had in view, but couched it in such phraseology as would naturally leave the inference on the mind of the Sheriff that there might be business connected with the denouement.

On the afternoon of April 3d, being the conclusion of the anniversary services commemorative of Modern Spiritualism in Washington Hall, Mr. Colby stated at the conclusion of a short speech, that there was a spirit present who desired to say that he lied in giving his name as McLaughlin a short time since to a party then in the audience, and the medium added, "The spirit says his name is not McLaughlin, but that his right name is Dan Gallagher."

On the morning of the 15th of April, (twelve days after the spirit corrected his name), I received the following letter from the Sheriff of Robertson county, Texas:

OFFICE SHERIFF, ROBERTSON CO., FRANKLIN, TEXAS, —, '87.

DEAR SIR: Yours of 21st March at hand and contents noted. In reply will say, about the time indicated in your letter there was a man hung at Hearne, by a mob, whose name was Dan Gallagher (and not McLaughlin). Code Brown was Marshal at the time—reasons for hanging the same as given in your letter. Would have answered sooner, but had to investigate.

T. B. JONES.

By R. G. Scott, Deputy.

Let me hear from you on receipt of this.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I sign myself, respectfully, as
NO LONGER A SKEPTIC.

How SHE UNDERSTOOD IT.—Maxie was the little six-year-old daughter of a clergyman who had taken great pains with her religious instruction, and had held before her the goodness of the Supreme Being, so that she should have in her mind always His kindness and mercy as well as power. One morning her mother, passing the open door of the room in which the child was playing, saw Miss Maxie standing on a chair before the mirror, with her face close to it, scrutinizing her little phiz with great earnestness, and with a long sigh she remarked, "I don't see how God could have given me such a nose, when He knows how particular I am."—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Buddhist religion stands alone among the great religions of the globe as the only one which has never been propagated by conquest or persecution, but which owes its immense diffusion solely to its moral force.—*London Saturday Review.*

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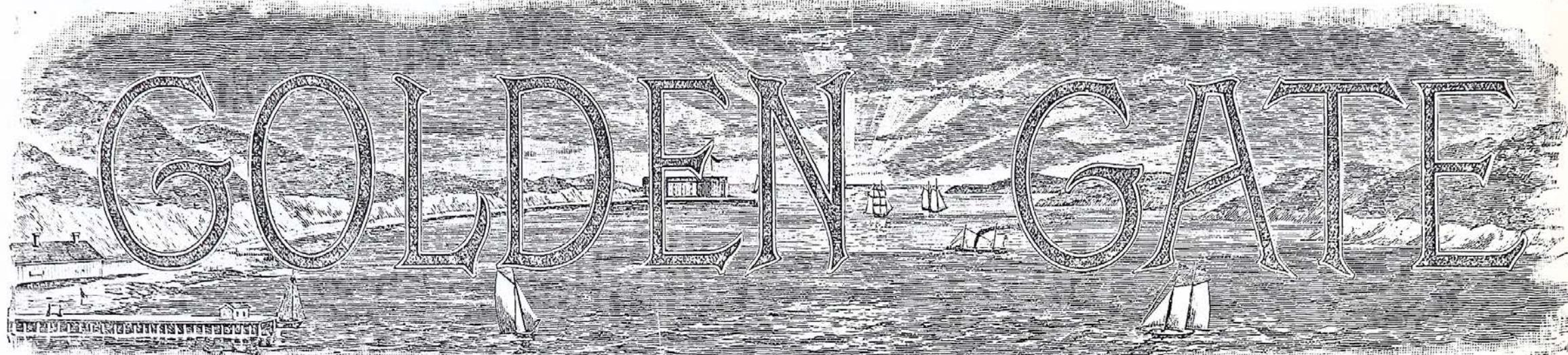
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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Mirth, at the expense of right, is far too dearly bought.

The great duty of life is not to give pain.
—Frederika Bremer.

A fool may meet with good fortune, but the wise only profit by it.

Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence or learning.
—F. W. Faber.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise.
—Dryden.

Our happiness, as thinking beings, must depend on our being content to accept only partial knowledge.
—Ruskin.

Let the motive be in the deed and not in the event. But not one whose motive for action is the hope of reward.

Hard words are like hailstones in summer—beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.

Fortune attendeth that lion among men who exerteth himself; they are weak men who declare fate the sole cause.
—From the Sanscrit.

Do not live a single hour in your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end.

The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or not.

Does any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayst never inflict it on another spirit.

The cheerful are the busy. When trouble knocks at your door, or rings your bell, he or she will generally retire if you send word you are engaged.

The egoism which enters into our theories does not affect their sincerity; rather, the more our egoism is satisfied, the more robust is our belief.
—George Eliot.

Live in peace with yourself, with your relatives, with your neighbors. Do all the good you can and expect no thanks, for this will save you from disappointment.

All beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music.
—Shaffesbury.

We must wait patiently and study to do what we can, not despising the day of small things, but meekly trusting that hereafter it may be the day of greater.
—Carlyle.

Prejudices are like the knots in the glass of our windows. They alter the shape of everything that we choose to look at through them. They make straight things crooked and everything blurred.

The test of a man is not whether he can govern a kingdom single-handed, but whether his private life is tender and beneficent, and his wife and children happy. If I could write my name in stars across the heavens, I should be put to shame by the man whose home brightens whenever he enters it, and whose true name is known only to his wife, since she invented it when they were young lovers.
—Julian Hawthorne.

SPIRITUALISM—A CHALLENGE OR A COMPROMISE.

A Discourse by the Controls of J. J. Morse, Delivered at the State Camp-Meeting, Sunday, July 3, 1887.

[Reported for the GOLDEN GATE by G. H. Hawes.]

An instructive alliteration expresses the prevailing form of thought growing in the minds of advanced thinkers of the present day. That is expressed in the terms, Rome or Reason. There can be no half way house between them. In the one case it means that you must cut yourself adrift from the superstitions, traditions, creeds and dogmas, alike of philosophy and religion, and of conventional thinking, and trust your future altogether upon the broad deep seas of universal reason, and be guided by such inspirations as you may obtain therefrom; or else, foregoing all effort to reason upon life and its expressions, you must admit that the unaided human intellect is incapable of dealing with the practical questions that beset the progress of humanity, and you must lay them all upon the altar of divine infallibility, as expressed in this church, and submit to its authority, allowing them to think for you and reason for you and direct you in all the minute affairs of your spiritual and personal life.

Rome, on the one hand, with authority and infallibility; reason, upon the other hand, broad, free and flowing with independence. Intellectual and spiritual independence upon the one side; intellectual and spiritual subservency upon the other side. Rome or Reason is the alliteration of the nineteenth century. But whoso shall step between and bridge the chasm and bring out the real truths, the real vital principles of general use to mankind?

Friends, we might be permitted to say to you at this juncture that there can be no half-way house, really, between these two extremes. It is a question of Rome or Reason to-day, and the intellect of progressive and enlightened mankind will have to deal with the problems of life upon the platform of such consideration. If you are not prepared to step forward from the past to that which is to be the future, if you are not prepared to stand alone upon the planes of life and think out your own salvation and lift your own soul upwards, then you are not strong enough to stand alone.

"But," you will say, "supposing we feel our dependence upon a superior power, that we recognize our great inferiority, and that there is a religious demand in our nature that must be satisfied, does that imply that we must go to Rome to obtain such satisfaction?"

We might answer yes, and no. If you take religion as an interpretation of the will of God in regard to his dealings with humanity, an exposition of his especial revelation to the human race, then it follows as a natural consequence, logically and legitimately, that those whom God may have called to the honorable position of interpreting his revelation and explaining his will to mankind must not have the will of their pupils set in opposition to them. They are chosen, they are called, they are servants of God, and you are the people who are being taught; the independent right of judgment you can not exercise yourself. Rome very wisely says that an ecclesiastical system can not be permanent where the worshiper has a right to criticize its ordinances and institutions. The center of cohesion in the Catholic faith is found right in the very proposition we have just advanced—absolute and unqualified submission to the central head. Then the permanence of that institution is assured in all lands and all times, at least so long as that unquestioning submission can be maintained.

Protestantism admits of the right of independent judgment, and the result is a very considerable number of sectarian interpretations, and a great deal of squabbling among themselves over a variety of points and issues that have very little value to the real religious life.

On the other hand, supposing you assume to follow Reason, become independent thinkers, and make your own soul's needs, and not the ideas of other people, the test of what your soul requires; then you stand aloof from all questions of authority, whether mundane or supermundane, and walk your own way up the high-

way to eternal life—to that divine source of truth that lies so far beyond us all, working by your own hands, retaining all you may obtain, and keeping it as your right, claim it as your treasure, and none can rob you thereof.

But you will ask us now, "Are we prepared to deny the verity of religious teachings and throw ourselves altogether into the arms of reason?" You will see, as we proceed, what the answer to that question will be. So far as we have gone, the issue lies between Rome, on the one side, and reason upon the other. Strong minds, growing weary with the persistent struggle and striving, and finding no satisfaction, are halting between the two opinions, whether they shall repudiate all that pertains to man's spiritual nature, or cease attempting to argue and reason upon it, and blindly throw themselves into the arms of an authority who professes to have exclusive information upon such questions and power to decide upon them. But weakness of mind will at last go one way, and strength of mind will go the other way. While ecclesiasticism may provide for you a downy bed, you will grow weaker and weaker the longer you lie in it; but if you go out into the world, tired and footsore, you may be, at last, like the hardy pioneer who, innured to his new life, becomes strong in muscle and vigorous in constitution, and helps build a grand and powerful civilization. Will you be pioneers scaling the heights of being, increasing in grandeur and beauty as you ascend the ranges of thought, or will you leisurely recline on the rose-leaf beds in the valleys, and, losing the strength you have, fall into a life of uselessness and nothingness?

Spiritualism says that all the questions pertaining to man's spiritual nature are legitimately contained within its philosophy. Spiritualism must come before you as a compromise or a challenge—a compromise with religion, science and philosophy, or a challenge in each of these departments.

"Well, you surely would not challenge science, would you?"

Why not?

"But you would not challenge philosophy, would you?"

Why not?

"Well, but you really would not challenge religion, would you?"

Why not? we ask.

"Well, you know science is made up of knowledge?"

Yes.

"And philosophy represents the correct reasoning of man upon that knowledge?"

Perhaps.

"And religion, you know, represents the revelations of God?"

May be.

"But, do you not think it does?"

Well, we are not quite sure about it.

"But, if you are going to reason in that way we shall lose the favor of every body in the community; the religious people will cast us right out, bag and baggage, and we shall offend every respectable member of the community."

Indeed! Go back, my good friend, eighteen hundred years ago; the "respectable" members of the community were found among aristocrats, bankers, etc., and Jesus of Nazareth never stopped to ask himself whether he was going to offend "the respectable members of the community," when he found the brokers and money changers pursuing their vocations in the temple of the Lord, and with his whip of small cords indignantly drove the rascals out. Are you prepared to be as good as your master? If you find any one using, in this nineteenth century, the pure temple of truth for their own nefarious purposes, are you willing to thrash and drive the thieves from its doors?

"Oh, but we have improved!"

But you can not improve upon your Master; the moment you improve upon your Master he ceases to be your teacher.

And if, when you are going to root up the evils of society, the character of the nineteenth century says, "Gloves on, if you please—soft hands and kind words," then go back to this man of Nazareth, who rooted out the evil-doers of society, wielded the lash, used hard words and strong deeds, and labored like a man to elevate the world by cleansing it of the wickedness he found in the people that were in it.

"Oh, that is altogether too combative."

Oh yes; there are a great many people who do not like combativeness; they are afraid they might come within range of it.

They would spike every cannon, and throw aside every deadly weapon. Load up the guns, put a good charge in, and then fire; and if the old errors and wrongs are shattered and fall helpless to the ground by the discharge, those who dwell in the heights above the error will not complain or fear that the ruin and debris will fall upon their heads.

We are not disposed to quarrel very seriously with either science, philosophy, or religion; but we are seriously indisposed to compromise with them on any point. In regard to the question of science our friend will say, "You know science has done a great deal of good for the world; you know that the investigation of scientific men into the phenomena of being have tremendously increased our knowledge, and that the cause of science is the cause of progress?"

Oh, yes, but we can not forget that the generality of scientific investigation is absolutely materialistic in its inception, operation and conclusion. Now when we are asked to say that the scientists of the world are the world's best friends, we are bound to qualify that statement even so far as it relates to the physical side of life; and when the man of science says there is nothing beyond the realms of practical mechanical scientific investigation worthy of consideration; when he says he will not believe in a spiritual universe; that he will not accept the spirituality of human nature; that he will not believe in these spiritualistic phenomena as being presented by spiritual intelligence; that there is no room in a material universe for a spiritual realm—then we can not compromise with the man of science; we have to stand up and challenge his position, and ask him how he knows there are not the things that he chooses to deny.

We must remember that in the modern history Spiritualism, nearly forty years of psychological phenomena are before the world; that nearly forty years of individual demonstration of personal existence after death have been recorded upon the pages of history. We can not fail to remember that all this work has been produced by the inhabitants of the realm beyond, which the materialistic man of science repudiates or denies the existence of. When we bear this in mind we have to challenge the scientific position, and say, "You may be well enough in your materialistic investigation and conquests, but when you attempt to work out the problems of life beyond the realms of outward material expression by the same processes you apply to external life, then we have something more to learn, another class of facts to consider, and until you have passed through them you will be incompetent to judge upon a subject practically outside of the experiments you have made."

The philosopher has presented you with a great many acute theories in regard to the universe and the character of man. It would be a thankless task to enumerate them all; but wherever and whenever you find a philosopher who is rooted in the externals of life, without any relevancy to subjective causation, you may be perfectly satisfied that his philosophy is directly in opposition to the spiritual philosophy that you are willing to accept. You must remember that a comprehensive philosophy must interpret the universe; must explain it in all its co-relationships and interdependencies; must consider the subjective as well as the objective; must deal with the spiritual side as well as the material side; must deal with phenomena and the cause of phenomena; must interpret the whole of human experience harmoniously related to all the facts that belongs to man's nature.

"A very large system of philosophy," you will say.

But that philosophy which only interprets one section of the universe is only a section of philosophy, and must not be accepted as a universal interpretation of the whole. We challenge the philosophies of the world on these grounds; that they are fragments of the great whole, and not in any case representative of the entirety of that whole.

In some of the schools of philosophy of the nineteenth century, the philosopher has argued and reasoned wiser than he knew, and in other schools the philosopher has bordered upon the spiritual realm in man and nature. The transcendentalism of to-day is the telescope of the mind whereby the philosopher traverses the past, but still denies the

realm that lies beyond the material vision. Ask him about this realm and he is silent; ask him if he believes that such a realm exists, and he says it may, but he has no evidence of it. Shall we challenge here, or compromise? Shall we say, "Let us be lifted by this philosopher's thoughts to a higher plane; as for the Spiritual World, there may be such, and inhabited by our departed, but we will not bother about it; we will let all these things go, 'Shake hands, go upon our spiritual rostrum and lecture for us, and tell us all about your speculative philosophies.'"

Would you not rather say, "These people are up in the clouds, drifting about here and there and everywhere, with a great many good ideas, but if they only had practical knowledge of Spiritualism, what sublime philosophies they would be!" You would make these remarks, and be perfectly justified in doing so.

We come now to dangerous ground, and more difficult perhaps: Shall we compromise with conventional religion, or shall we challenge it?

"Oh, compromise with it by all means."

Why?

"Well, you know there are a great many bright and intelligent minds within the pale of the church?"

Undoubtedly there are a great many pure-minded and earnest souls within the church, and we are quite prepared to believe that in the higher walks of Christian intelligence and religious unfoldment you can find some of the sweetest and purest men and women you could wish to clasp hands with while walking through this world; but remember that in every case when you meet such a one they are a great deal better than the creed they belong to. When you closely question them as to whether they believe this part of their profession, or that dogma, or this portion of their belief, they will say, "Oh, well, you know, the mercy of the Lord covereth everything; the wisdom of God overshadows us all, and our human reason can not grasp all these things; I have no doubt there is a deep spiritual meaning belonging to all of them, and we shall see things in the other life quite different from what we conceive of them here."

These broad hearts, pure lives, noble living men and women, who do their duty according to the light that has been given them, no more think of believing literally and absolutely in the narrow limitations and dogmatic environments in which their lives have been encased than you who have outgrown and no longer adhere to them. Has it not often been said, "Men are better than their creeds." How many men you can point out who are better than their creeds; who are broad enough in mind, catholic enough in spirit, earnest enough in soul to take the truth, feeling that when it is the truth it is the voice of God speaking in the soul; and they have reason enough to know that the voice of God is sometimes heard outside of the edifices that are erected and consecrated to His service.

There are other classes of people who are religious, but are not broad and catholic in spirit, but are dogmatic, ignorant and fanatical. Shall we compromise with these? Let us go back a moment. In the first case, we agree with those broad, sympathetic souls who believe in love, justice and charity, who are instant in season and out of season, always doing good, who visit the sick, the widow, the orphan and the fatherless, who are doing their Master's will by doing good even in their Master's name; we say to them, wherever your heart inclines you to work, there work with all your mind and soul, and you will receive in return a hundred-fold for your labor, whether you are Protestant or Catholic, or outside of the Christian faith altogether. Wherever you may be we are one with you in spirit and in truth; you stand side by side with us, for you have that justice and love that the philosophy of Spiritualism preaches, and so far you are a Spiritualist with every earnest, upright, noble soul within its ranks.

We go beneath the surface with these dogmatic people; shall we compromise with them? Do you think it would be worth while? What do they believe? "Well, we had better lay it one side for a little while; just consider it laid on the shelf, or that the motion is tabled, and another question is brought before the house."

(Continued on Third Page.)

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

To Spiritualists.

BY ABRA L. HOLTON.

W. D. Howells' article in *Harper's Magazine* on "Count Tolstoi," the famous Prussian writer, philanthropist and nobleman, is worth perusing, as it gives one an idea of a practical solution of the much vexed question, "It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die." Howells has analytically passed judgment upon his works and pronounced him the greatest living writer. Mr. Howells says: "He has left renown, and a splendid position in society to share the sorrows, the burdens, the humble toil of the peasants, and from his teachings the poor are caring for the poor out of their penury with a tenderness which the rich can not know; he found a wretched prostitute foregoing her infamous trade, her means of life, that she might nurse a sick neighbor; he found an old woman denying herself that she might give food and shelter to a blind mendicant; he found a wretched tailor who had adopted an orphan into his large family of children. When he gave twenty kopecks to a beggar whom he met, the poor man with him gave three. But Count Tolstoi has an income of 600,000 rubles. . . . His wealth became not only ridiculous but horrible to him, for he realized that his income was wrung from the necessity of the wretched peasants. He saw cities as the sterile centers of idleness and luxury of the rich, of the idleness and misery of the poor. He arraigned the present civil order as wrong, false and unnatural; he sold all he had and gave it to the poor, and turned and followed him. From his work bench he sends his voice back into the world, to search the hearts of those who will hear, and to invite them to go and do likewise."

Count Tolstoi says he has been given rest by his humble toil and that he finds the burden light and his yoke easy. His voice that he is sending out into the world to search for hearts who will hear and come and help in the great work to put away evil, or selfishness rather, is finding a few responding souls. It makes the spirit glad in man to take up that great daily, the *New York Herald*, and see this:

MEALS FOR ONE CENT EACH.

In the shadow of the *Herald* office you may see any day you please a neat little red house on the Ann street sidewalk, and in front of it a crowd of hungry people bolting down coffee, soup, fish-cakes, chowder, sandwiches or pork and beans at the rate of one cent a meal. It is one of the St. Andrew's one cent coffee-stands established by Mrs. J. M. Lamadrid, a pious and far-seeing philanthropist, who is trying to help the poor of New York without injuring that frail but important thing—self-respect.

Since January 13th over 300,000 meals have been sold, showing how vast is the vineyard in which Mrs. Lamadrid has begun to labor. The stands established are located at: No. 1 Ann street (*Herald* office); No. 2 Franklin square; No. 3 Greenwich street and Battery place; No. 4 Duane street and North river; No. 5 Canal and West streets; No. 6, headquarters and kitchen, No. 125 Madison street.

The work is now thoroughly organized. Poor people, and the right kind of poor people, are beginning to lean upon this welcome staff. It is an especial blessing to old folks who have outgrown their usefulness and can barely hold life together. The food is good and nutritious and is sold for next to nothing. Mrs. Lamadrid is delighted over the excellent results of her labor. Meal tickets are bought by large numbers of business men and are given to persons worthy of assistance. This form of utilizing the stands has met with great encouragement.

Until the St. Andrew's stands had demonstrated their usefulness the leaders of organized charity looked on Mrs. Lamadrid's effort with more of curiosity than commendation. She was permitted to defray the whole expense of establishing and maintaining the system out of her private purse. It was an experiment in benevolence which has been watched very closely.

How solid the success has been can be judged by the utterance of *Lend a Hand*, the magazine of organized philanthropy, edited by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and published at No. 21 University place. It is the first recognition of the system by the organ of conservative charitable institutions:

In remembrance of how Andrew, the disciple of Jesus, became the instrument of his Master when they fed the multitude by the Sea of Galilee, an earnest Christian woman is trying to do her part in alleviating the distress of the very poor in New York City.

Mrs. Lamadrid, who possesses energy and wisdom as well as charity, has full permission from city authorities and property-holders to erect booths on all the principal thoroughfares of the city.

Mrs. Lamadrid frankly states that her work has extended so far as to have outgrown her own personal allowance for this work, and she hopes, as it is known, interested people may come to her aid and assist in feeding the poor. We print below the bill of fare.

Half-pint of coffee, with milk and sugar	1 cent
and one slice bread,	
Beef soup, with vegetables and one slice bread,	1 cent
Pork and beans,	1 cent
Fish cakes,	1 cent
Sandwiches,	1 cent
Fridays—Fish chowder,	1 cent

And extras occasionally.
Soup and coffee supplied to families by quart or gallon at the same rates. Bread to accompany each portion.

Booths open daily from 5 A. M. to 7 P. M.
Sundays—From 7 to 10 A. M., and from 3 to 5 P. M.

The price of a meal is not sufficient to cover expenses, but it is sufficient to keep self-respect in every man or woman who buys it. Mrs. Lamadrid personally buys the supplies at the lowest wholesale prices, and, having few expenses, she finds that the deficit is not large in proportion.

This charity is appreciated by the thousands of newsboys, emigrants, poor families and street waifs whom it relieves.

Have the Spiritualists of the Pacific Coast no great work to do? Have they

not plenty, and some of them abundance that can be placed to good advantage in leading other lives into brightness, peace and comfort? I do not agree with Abbe Roux that, "The heart of a man is a lyre of seven chords; six chords of sadness, a single chord of joy that rarely vibrates." I believe that the souls of all men and women can be made as joyous as in childhood hours, if every hour of one's life was devoted to doing deeds of kindness, little acts of love, if only to a dumb brute. And those who listen to the communion of their loved ones and know that there is no death, can have no greater pleasure than giving money toward a free spiritual paper to scatter spiritual food throughout all the land, thus to feed the hungry souls that have no ray of light in this selfish world.

And while we may not need meals here in San Francisco at "one cent each," nor that our teachers put on the garb of the very poorest people to imitate Tolstoi, we need liberal donations made to the spiritual press, that free copies may be sent, like "angel's visits," into many homes. Friends, and Spiritualists, who is going to head the list?

SAN FRANCISCO, July 7, 1887.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Methodism in 1839.

BY WARREN BOYNTON.

From an essay or sermon, published in the *Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review*, vol. 10, A. D. 1839, on page 275, I find a spiritual discourse founded on "Jacob's Dream or the Ministry of Angels." No religious paper of the present day could be hired to print such a discourse now. Then, it was *angels* that ministered, now it is *devils*, because they do not indorse creedism which is now become the stronghold of religious societies. Text—"And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending upon it."

The following are extracts from the discourse: "The narrative of which this passage forms a conspicuous part, presents a striking instance of that vigilant oversight which God takes of his creatures. This has been called by some his general providences; and perhaps the term *general* may be allowed, as a collective term, embracing all the individual interpositions of the Rector of the universe with regard to his creatures. It may also be used to denote the fact, that the providence of God extends to all the creatures that people his domain. But while we admit (the above) we have reason to believe that it is peculiarly interested in the concerns of rational being, and that among them mankind have received no small amount of the divine regard. . . . This great concern for man is manifested doubtless because of his superior nature and exalted destiny. . . . While this narrative shows us in a beautiful and striking manner the providence of God, that passage of it which heads this discourse shows us one of the methods by which God exerts his providence towards men; to wit, *by the ministry of angels*."

But that this vision was intended to point out the intercourse between heaven and earth by the ministry of angels, seems sufficiently manifest from the accompanying history, as well as sundry other passages in Scripture and particularly Heb. i., 14, 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?' . . . In this discourse we shall have nothing to do with the nature of angels. We shall suppose them to be exclusively spiritual beings . . . and also that they are holy, wise and powerful, though finite intelligences. . . . we are not to suppose that the ministry of good angels is *confined* to the righteous. . . . This world is a world of mercy wherein God pours down many mercies, even upon the evil and unthankful; . . . Socrates speaks of his demon, this may be branded as enthusiastic superstition; but it shows that the wise and virtuous among the heathens not only recognized a rank of intelligences which answer to angelic spirits, but also believed that they were employed in communicating information. . . . Indeed, we are not to be too hasty in supposing this idea of Socrates to be superstitious. One whom no man will charge with enthusiasm—a greater than Socrates—said, "these stood by me this night, the angel of God, etc., Paul. . . . I need not add the prediction was realized. . . . It is remarkable that many of the most sublime revelations which were ever made to the world, were made through the instrumentality of angels. . . . It is more than probable that that was an angel whom Ezekiel describes, Chap. xl, 3. And in those representations of things that were and are to come, which are found in the Apocalypse, angels have a prominent part. . . . Now surely it is not a vain thought to suppose that these celestial intelligences are still employed in similar service to man. Man still stands in need of celestial guidance. . . . He wants continual instruction and superintendence, and it is more than probable that God frequently condescends to instruct and guide him by angelic ministrations. . . . Are not these holy angels continually employed in countering the workings of the powers of darkness? How frequently do they frustrate their schemes of malice,

overcome their strength, and circumscribe their range. This Peter knew, for when thrust into prison by his enemies, bound with chains, and watched by soldiers, a light shone in his dungeon and he beheld a celestial visitant, who in spite of soldiers and chains and bars and gates, delivered the apostle. And although the agency of angels in this particular be not so ostensible as formerly, yet we may rest assured it is not less real, and not less effectual. . . . But may not angels be also employed in administering consolations to the afflicted, and in enabling them to bear up under the ills of life? . . . They can mark our distress; they can trace it to its source, and by God's permission, and at his command, they may whisper consolation to our hearts, and enable us to taste of the powers of the world to come. They may quicken our love and increase our courage by reminding us of the vast cloud of witnesses which have preceded us through this vale of tears. If we are tempted in all points like our Master, may we not expect to be comforted with the same consolations wherewith he was comforted? And was he not comforted by the ministrations of angels? 'Behold angels came and ministered unto him.' . . . But the Scriptures calls others angels besides those eldest sons of Deity. Disembodied spirits, because they are like unto the angels, how far these may sympathize with us we cannot tell. . . . Indeed, they are not only with us, servants of the Heavenly King, but, whether earth-born or heaven-born—

Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways.
"For he hath given his angels charge concerning us," and no doubt our departed friends, who are made like unto the angels, obtain—
The grace to angels given
To serve the royal heirs of heaven.
"They are not unmoved at our afflictions; they do not fail to obtain permission of God to sympathize with us in our sufferings. It is impossible to determine how much they may advance our happiness by their secret mysterious operations on the soul. They go in bands 'to the chamber where the good man meets his fate.' . . . From what we have said, we may learn the feelings which we ought to entertain towards these exalted intelligences. We should respect them; . . . we should not worship them. Angels are but ministering spirits. . . . If God has chosen them to be his *agents*, we must not make them his *rivals*. . . . They are engaged in errands of mercy to the sons of men, and their visits are not, as has been represented, 'few and far between.' They go about doing good."

The above are but extracts with studied brevity. The discourse is contained in nine pages octavo, signed with the initial, "S." Will the Methodists eat their own words? This was published about ten years before the advent of Modern Spiritualism, in an organ of the M. E. Church. What will they say now? Answer: "He, ('S') had a devil."

ROCKFORD, Ill., July, 1887.

• The italics, throughout, are the author's.

Sensation in Albion, Michigan.

One of the most remarkable and wonderful cures that has been performed since the Christian era, is in the case of Mr. Geo. Young, a highly respectable citizen of Albion, Calhoun county, Mich. The following is what Mr. Young says:

For many years I was stricken down with disease of so serious a character that I could not walk or stand. I was reduced in flesh from 180 to 100 pounds. The local physicians called my complaint liver, heart, and kidney disease, in fact all manner of diseases, but after I had paid out a great deal of money, they said I must die, and that very soon. Just at this time one of Dr. Dobson's circulars fell into my hands (I was no believer in Spiritualism) and I thought I would send to him and make a trial, for there was nothing else left for me. He sent what he called spiritual magnetized remedies. I commenced to take them and in a very short time I began to improve, and to-day I am as healthy a man as there is in Michigan, and can do as hard day's work, and I know that Dr. Dobson cured me. I took four months of his treatment; two months after I was well, and it has nearly if not quite made me a Spiritualist. Since I got well, Dr. Dobson has been here to see me, and I attended one of his slate-writing seances, which to me was wonderful. My cure made an excitement in our town, and by its means Dr. Dobson has had over one hundred patients here, and been successful in curing or greatly benefiting nearly every one. Myself and wife will never tire in doing everything we can to induce the sick to send to Dr. A. B. Dobson, of Maquoketa, Iowa, for assistance, the man that saved me from a premature grave. It is nearly a year since he cured me. It is through him and his spirit band of doctors that I am alive.

GEORGE YOUNG.

DRAWING THE LINE.—During the recent discussion by the General Presbyterian Assembly of the communion wine question, several clergymen undertook to explain the exact character of the wine used by the Savior at the Last Supper. After the issue had been disposed of by the adoption of a resolution in favor of unfermented wine, the Rev. J. S. Martin, of Chillicothe, made a novel suggestion. "Having drawn the line on the wine question," he remarked to one of the brethren, "it's now in order for the Assembly to determine the exact kind of sone upon which Moses engraved the Ten Commandments. It is important to know whether it was sandstone, limestone, or concrete!"—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

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For Cancers or Tumors, apply several times a day, and use Dr. Jones' Vegetable Blood Purifier. For Epithelioma, or Cancer of the Stomach, reduce the Nerve one-half with water, and take internally, and gargle the throat three or four times a day.
For Tumors, Caked Breast, and Swellings, take ½ teaspoonful in ½ ounce of water two or three times a day, and apply to affected parts several times a day.
For Diphtheria or Croup, put one teaspoonful of the Nerve in one ounce of water, and take a teaspoonful every fifteen to twenty minutes, and apply the Nerve externally several times a day.
For Granulated Sore Eyes reduce the Nerve with water one-half at the start, or as strong as can be borne, and wash the eyes three or four times a day. For Burns, use freely, and every few minutes, until pain subsides. If the parts are raw, reduce the Nerve one-half with water or glycerine.
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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The good we do is the only joy of life.—*Tolstoi.*

Modesty and humility are the sobriety of the mind.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.

But one thing on earth is better than the wife—that is the mother.

He can never speak well who knows not how to hold his peace.—*Plutarch.*

Hope diminished burns not the less brightly, like a star of hope.—*Carlyle.*

'Tis best not to dispute where there is no probability of convincing.—*Dickens.*

The most effectual way to secure happiness to ourselves is to confer it on others.

No one values goodness as they ought, for every one feels it a reproach to himself.—*Tolstoi.*

Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.—*Franklin.*

Whichever of us has done what is best and noblest for all times, he is the superior.—*Socrates.*

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

Recollect with pity, with smiles and tears, however high thou be, the efforts of the meanest man.—*Carlyle.*

I have begun, I may not go back, neither is it fitting to leave that which I have undertaken.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say anything which one of the company would rather you had left unsaid.—*Dan Swift.*

High original genius is always ridiculed on its first appearance; most of all by those who have won themselves the highest reputation in working on the established lines.—*J. A. Froude.*

The affections are the wings by which the intellect launches on the void and is borne across it. Great love is the inventor and expander of the frozen powers, the feathers frozen to our sides.—*Emerson.*

It is the best gift we human beings have, and the power of giving pleasure that is noble and good and right to the world that is so hungry for pleasure that it will take the wrong sort if the right is not to be had.

It is not what a man thinks or says, but when and where and to whom he thinks and says it. A man with a flint and steel striking sparks over a wet blanket is one thing, and striking them over a tinder-box is another.

Make a rule, and pray to God to help you keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say: "I have made one human being at least a little wiser, or a little happier, or a little better this day."—*Charles Kingsley.*

Miracles of Healing—Their Spiritual Import.

[Extract from a recent lecture by W. J. Colville. Published by request of many friends.]

If any one should ask us if we believe in the literal resurrection of Lazarus, we should answer, we can neither prove nor disprove it. A so-called miracle, as the word signifies, is nothing unnatural; it is not necessarily supernatural, but merely a wonderful occurrence which excites the beholders to marvel. Before accepting the story of a bodily resurrection we should however have to be satisfied by sufficient valid testimony, and this is not procurable when events said to have transpired between eighteen hundred and nineteen hundred years ago are up for discussion. But even if we could prove the raising of Lazarus bodily to be a literal historical fact, should we not feel the utter insufficiency of the evidence of immortality with which it furnished us? Would not Martha and Mary have lived, after his resurrection, in perpetual fear that he might die again, and they have to undergo the pangs of separation from their beloved brother a second time? On the other hand, if Jesus never raised Lazarus literally at all, but by some wonderful appeal to the spiritual perceptions of the sisters, opened their spiritual eyes to discern his presence as a deathless being with whom they might commune in the immortal state, and whose spiritual presence might illumine their path while yet they dwelt on earth, how much more glorious must have been the resurrection, not that of a corpse to renewed physical animation, but the perception of his relatives to the truth of immortality, and the knowledge that there is in truth no death and no long interim of unconsciousness between physical dissolution and a day of general resurrection in the dim and distant future. So, also, with Jairus' daughter; if her physical form was raised (and it may have been), if that was all, how meager the consolation, how deeply tinged with fear must have been the joy it inspired in her father's breast.

Spiritual truth alone can offer solid comfort when your hearts are heavy with bereavement; you may indeed be thankful if some great healer can restore to you the bodies of your dear ones in health and beauty after they have been wasted with disease, and brought even to death's door, but he who can go far, far beyond external restoration to health and help you to enjoy perpetual converse with your beloved in a spirit in a manner death can never interrupt, is alone entitled to distinction as a spiritual enlightener and deliverer. Far too much stress is laid upon external cure, and far too little thought bestowed on the far greater work of appealing to the spiritual perceptions of the race.

Spiritual science, while it gladly endorses, and in fact thoroughly includes physical and mental culture, securing to its true disciples intellectual and physical welfare no other persons share to a similar extent, it is first and foremost a spiritual, a moral, an ethical system of education, using the word education as synonymous with true, natural and healthy development of spiritual ability. Jesus on every occasion, when he addressed his disciples prior to taking his leave of them on earth, alluded to the only true and satisfactory communion which can possibly exist between kindred spirits. "So I am with you always," alluded not to any bodily presence, but solely to that enlightened spiritual communion those alone enjoy and understand whose thoughts have been diverted from material shadows and centered on spiritual truth, which is the only changeless reality in all the universe. We must all drop these mortal shadows, but when we realize our friends as alive eternally in spirit, we no longer bury them, but rejoicingly exclaim:

"O death where is thy sting,
"O grave where is thy victory."

Thanks be to God who giveth us (not death) the victory.

Now as to the use of material remedies by those who profess to follow in the steps of Jesus, some people say: "If you follow in the steps of Jesus you must use material means. You are very inconsistent if you do not put your fingers into people's ears, or use clay to anoint their eyes." These are objections we hear very often. We answer

that Jesus never used any material remedy which people in his day believed was a remedy. He cast aside all the practices of the medical schools of his day. We never hear that Jesus carried about a medicine chest or used instruments. How many people in Judea were foolish enough to believe that a blind man was cured by washing in the pool of Siloam? Couldn't they analyze its water? What curative property was there in it? And what was there in simple clay and saliva to open the eyes of a man born blind? They could all use clay and saliva. Why didn't Jesus use some more mysterious remedy? Didn't Jesus with fine irony turn the tables upon the physical methods of treating the sick? Isn't it plain that his meaning was this: "Do you think spirit is not enough? The voice of the soul not enough? Do you think truth is not enough? Well then, we will use some physical means. There is some clay, and I will use some saliva from my mouth to mix it. So the next time you want your eyes treated you have your remedy at hand, without going to the doctors." The people knew well enough that it was not the clay and saliva that healed; nor the pool of Siloam. Jesus simply turned the tables. Then came that wonderful work of raising the dead; restoring those in whom animation was suspended. This was by the word of command: "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise!" "Lazarus, come forth!" There is no reason for holding to mortal beliefs. We would much rather people should use hot water or cold water, or simple dust with saliva, than experiment with deadly drugs. Jesus took only the simplest material things, but it is that "which cometh by prayer and fasting" that effects the cure. Montgomerie says,

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed."

Prayer is aspiration. Paul said, "Pray without ceasing." Not kneel down to pray, but do every common thing in the right spirit. Make every act an act of worship. The sacred embraces every thing; the life of prayer means a life of continual aspiration. What is fasting? Not going without something because we are afraid it will injure us. Not fasting on ember days and Fridays. Fasting is the reining in of every lower impulse; abstinence from every lower gratification. We must abstain from all inordinate self-love, pride, passion, everything that separates us from the eternal. Prayer and devotion means the exercise of our spiritual faculties. The reining in of our lower nature is fasting. We find these words in the epistle of James, "If any among you are sick, let him call for the elders of the church, and let them anoint him with oil in the name of the Lord." What did the oil do? Nothing. People in the old time believed inunction for the sick. "Effectual fervent prayer availeth much." 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A Dream that was More than a Dream.

BY W. VAN WATERS.

I wish to give an account of a most remarkable vision that came to a Seattle lady, who told it to me in person. I regret my inability to present it in the graphic manner in which the lady imparted it to me.

Frank Dushorn is a locomotive engineer on the narrow-gauge coal road leading from Seattle to the adjacent coal mines, and has occupied such position for a number of years. His wife is known among her Seattle acquaintances as a refined, truthful, and intellectual lady. These explanatory remarks are made, as Mrs. Dushorn is the lady who had the vision.

On Sunday, February 7th, 1886, a violent demonstration was made in Seattle against the Chinese residents of that place, in which one man lost his life, and a number of others were wounded. Mr. and Mrs. Dushorn occupied a building situated near the Chinese quarters in the city. There were rumors that the workmen were going to fire the houses of the Mongolians, and hence the Americans occupying adjacent buildings were somewhat alarmed and on the alert. Mr. Dushorn was assured by the police that there was no danger, and, being a man of nerve, retired to his bed at his usual hour. Not so with his wife. She was nervous, and did not seek her husband's side until after midnight. She does not know how long she slept, but during the night she had the following vision. I will let her tell the story as nearly as I can recall her words:

"I found myself standing on the shore of a lake where the foliage was so thick and projecting that I stood with one foot on the sand and the other in the water, clinging to the bushes to balance myself. A short distance to my right was a White-hall boat, pulled slightly upon the beach. My father was a boat-builder, and so I looked at the boat critically. It had once been painted white, but the paint was somewhat discolored with age. The seats and oars were tossed about, indicating that the boat had been left in a hurry. Just beyond it an old, fallen tree projected out into the water. I heard a step in the bushes, and, looking, beheld a short, middle-aged man coming slowly and with difficulty toward me. He had whiskers somewhat gray, and was dressed in dark clothing. He came up to me and in a voice of beseeching earnestness, said, 'Come!' The expression on his face as he uttered this word was very mournful, and my heart was touched with sympathy. Doubting the propriety of thus following a stranger, I did not comply. He then plucked my sleeve, and again, with deeper earnestness, exclaimed 'Come!' I started to go with him when he stooped and bent the bushes down so I could get along easily. He offered to take my hand, but I declined. Proceeding a few steps we came to where the undergrowth was not so thick. Here he stood still and pointing in a direction parallel with the shore, said: 'Look! see that boy. He is dead. We were murdered on Lake Washington!' I could see no one else, and so told him. He stood in a position to see further around a clump of bushes than I did, and as he was pointing to some object behind them I advanced a step and looked cautiously before me. 'See,' he cried, 'there he is! We were murdered on Lake Washington. You will always know the place by that tree that lies in the water.' Advancing a little further I saw the boots of some one who was lying on his back; but they were very large. I said, 'That is no boy; it is a large man.' He replied, 'No, it is a boy and we were murdered on Lake Washington,'—again telling me how to recognize the spot.

"On advancing further I saw the face of the person on the ground. He was very tall, but yet his face was that of a youth about eighteen or nineteen years. He had no visible wounds, but looked as though asleep. I said, 'He is not dead; he is sleeping.' 'No,' the old gentleman said, 'he is dead. We were murdered,' etc. I looked beyond the recumbent body and saw a soft felt hat on the ground with a large round hole in one side of it. I noticed distinctly the features of both parties, and the style and color of their clothing, as well as the texture of the goods. While I stood looking at the body stretched upon the earth, I heard voices proceeding from the woods that surrounded us. I became thoroughly alarmed at the thought of being myself murdered; for discovering the deed, flashed through my mind. I turned and retraced my steps, springing past my strange guide who sought, by a beseeching look and motion of his hand, to arrest my speed. He looked after me, and as I reached the shore he attempted to speak, but some great grief seemed to choke back his utterances and he remained silent, with tears trickling down his cheeks.

"I looked along the shore, but the boat had disappeared. Just beyond the tree I saw a low, rakish-looking boat painted black. A new piece of rope was fastened to the bow, which could be seen stretching up into the bushes. I followed the direction and saw a woman pulling at the rope. She was dressed in dark cloth-

ing, with an old shawl over her head. Her face was turned from me. She was speaking excitedly and hurriedly to some one near her whom I could not see. She pointed out into the lake and walked nervously back and forth, always keeping her face hid from my view. She seemed to fear something. Presently a canoe containing a number of Indians came in sight and went slowly past. One of the occupants was in the extreme bow, on his knees, peering down into the water, as if in search of something. The other Indians were also looking down in the water. The canoe moved off until out of sight, when the woman seemed to grow calmer.

"The scene then changed. I was alone on some other part of the beach. I saw some hats and coats lying on the sand, and a pair of oars that were not mates. The garments were identical with the ones worn by the man and youth I had seen.

"This was the end of my vision. It could not have been long before I awoke. It was not yet daylight. In the morning I related my vision to my husband, but he laughed at me, and said the excitement of the previous evening had affected me. However, I told my experience to some of my neighbors that day.

"I was deeply impressed by this vision, as I had for years been subject to dreams and premonitions that had often truthfully portrayed events that followed. The next day, Tuesday, the 9th, it was rumored that two men had mysteriously disappeared, and suspicion pointed to foul play. I did not hear about it, though, until Thursday. Then I learned that a Mr. Coleman and a young man named Patten had started for Seattle, about 7 o'clock Monday morning, to row across Lake Washington, a large body of fresh water lying about three miles east of Seattle. Mr. Coleman lived on the east bank. They had to row about five miles. They bade good-bye to Mrs. Coleman, and were soon lost to her sight behind Mercer Island. They were never again seen alive. I could not help connecting this disappearance with what I had seen in my sleep, but my husband did not.

"A persistent search was made for the missing men by citizens and officers, but without avail. The white boat was found, but it was where the wind had carried it, miles away from the scene of the murder, for such it proved to be.

"One Sunday, three weeks after my dream, I persuaded my husband to go and search for the bodies. I described the spot exactly as I had seen it. He returned at night unsuccessful. There was a large reward offered, and this, together with my importunities, induced him to try again the following day. He went by railroad to the opposite side of the lake, with a companion, and obtaining a boat began the search. They rowed out around the southern point of Mercer Island, and had proceeded but a little distance along the shore until my husband recognized the spot I had seen in my vision. They found the tree, as I had described it, and going ashore discovered the coats and hats, and mismatched oars on the beach; also some minor articles, such as a pencil-case and watch-key, the property of Mr. Coleman.

"You know the rest, as it was all published in the papers at the time. They did not find the bodies, but returned home bringing the coats, etc., along. I knew them the instant I saw them, readily picking out the young man's from Mr. Coleman's. They tallied with the description I had given exactly, even to the hole in the hat. The news soon spread, and search was made in the vicinity where the coats had been found. The bodies were discovered not thirty feet from the old tree before mentioned. Both had bullet wounds, showing they were murdered."

Thus ends Mrs. Dushorn's account. She went to the undertaker's rooms and declared at once that the bodies laid out were the ones she had seen in her dream, and described, without seeing it, just where the wound was in young Patten's head.

A man named Miller, who had reason to fear Coleman was going to complain of him for illegally obtaining a patent on Government land, was arrested for the crime. He bore a hard name,—was called "Pirate Miller" by all his neighbors. After three trials he was found guilty, as charged, and is now in prison awaiting his execution. It is generally believed, and almost positively proven, that his daughter, Lizzie Miller, assisted him in his murderous work.

Mr. Dushorn was called as a witness in the Miller trial, and when questioned as to how he happened to find the coats, swore that he was directed to the spot by his wife who had seen it in a dream between midnight and daylight on the morning of February 8th.

The whole vision was remarkable for the exactness in which it foretold the events following. The description of the boats tallied precisely with Coleman's and Miller's boats respectively—mismatched oars were found on the beach. The wound in young Patten's head corresponded to the hole the lady saw in the hat. Her account of the texture of clothing, and her description of the two murdered people were very minute.

My explanation of this phenomenon is, that spirits who knew of Miller's plans to slay Coleman, and knew of Patten's intentions to accompany him on the morning he was killed, produced on Mrs. Dushorn the impression of the scene of the murder as near as they could themselves force the movements of all the parties in the tragedy. But if this be so, is it not won-

derful how closely these higher intelligences can reason from cause to effect?

I would like to have the editor of the GOLDEN GATE, or some of the able contributors to this valuable paper, give their explanation of the manner in which Mrs. Dushorn was made acquainted with all the details of this murder three or four hours before its commission.

I made diligent inquiry among Mrs. Dushorn's neighbors and found she had spoken the truth in every particular regarding the time she told them about her vision and the substance of her story.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 14, 1887.

Do Evil Spirits Return, and do they Ever Control Mediums?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The above question was discussed by the First Society of Spiritualists of Portland last Sunday evening; the writer of this article with others taking the affirmative, holding that from the experience they had had in the investigation of spirit phenomena, such is the case—that spirits themselves returning have so declared.

I well remember an incident which occurred in the mediumship of Dr. A. A. Cleveland, of Astoria. A spirit claimed he had been in the spirit world nearly a hundred years, but had not yet outgrown the sins and follies of his earth life. He had, according to his confession, led the life of a sinner of female virtue. He stated that the nature of his crime cast its shadow forward through many generations, and that he was still suffering the pangs of remorse.

Another case is as follows: The medium resided in Portland, and was then a member of the Episcopal church. A spirit controlled the medium's hand and wrote a communication to a friend of mine in language so vile and bitter that it would not do to publish, and the medium refused to longer sit and be controlled by such vile spirits.

Another incident occurred here a little over a year ago. A spirit controlled a medium, showing such a spirit of bitterness and animosity that it was sometime before we could get rid of its hateful influence.

Many other incidents were stated, all going to prove that men and women, dying, carry into spirit life the characters they have formed in this.

Those advocating the negative side of the question held that as God is good he can not permit an evil spirit to return and molest the innocent and unoffending, forgetting that he suffers the earthquake shock, the ocean storm, war, pestilence, famine, sickness, and the thousand ills that flesh is heir to.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

Letter from Mrs. Mayo.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Having promised to write a few lines for your paper on our safe arrival in the mountains, I will do so very gladly.

After a long and tedious journey we reached our mountain home in safety as the shades of night were closing about us. Rough enough it is here, and very dusty, but we hope to have a pleasant home sometime, and be able to welcome many of our friends from the city who desire a change and a little recreation. We are on the Chouchilla range of mountains, thirty-five miles from the famous Yosemite valley, and about six miles from the Mariposa big trees. The altitude is such that one has to make an effort to breathe if they attempt any very severe exercise.

There is a good deal of up hill work here in every sense of the term. Our settlement is named Pine City, and we have already ten houses as cabins. One grand feature is the absence of all intoxicating liquors, none being sold at our store, and as far as I can learn, the men who are employed here have no desire for any. The men in camp are all American born.

The GOLDEN GATE comes to us a little irregularly, but I think it is the fault of the mail, or the postmaster at Wawona. We welcome it gladly; we look eagerly for all the local news. The issue of September we were especially pleased with. We were glad to hear Mrs. Watson's health permitted her to meet the friends, and regretted much our own absence. We are pleased to know too that Mr. Colville had opened his meetings again, and we wish him success; there is room for all; no need of crowding in such a big State as California.

We hope Mrs. Michener's appeal to Lyceum friends will not fall upon deaf ears. If many of the old workers have ceased to take an active part, their kind wishes and earnest prayers may help some. "In union there is strength," and I do not see any reason why the Spiritualists of all societies can not unite in the Lyceum work for the good of the rising generation.

With many kinds greetings to the friends, and many good wishes for the larger circulation of your grand paper, I remain, as ever, true to the faith.

M. A. MAYO.
PINE CITY, Wawona P. O., Mariposa County, Cal., Sept., 19, 1887.

Adversity is the trial of principle; without it, a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.—*Fiddling*.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The "New Education."

BY ABRA L. HOLTON.

The present mode of educating the youths of our land, and all lands, we might say, and its signal failure to elevate the social condition of mankind, has awakened in the soul of Dr. Buchanan a train of thought which he has embodied in a new way which unfolds a better way and a new way to cultivate the human mind.

He agrees with Huxley who says: "A knowledge of Greek is no more an indispensable element of a liberal education in the highest sense of the word than is a knowledge of Sanscrit, or of the differential calculus, or of the vertebrate morphology."

In this work on education the doctor has laid down "five indispensable elements" necessary to a liberal education: "First, and most necessary is physiological development of the manly, active, healthy constitution," that the health and joy, success and happiness, triumph and glory of human existence may be expressed in its best and most perfect manner.

The colleges and high schools instead of "making men and women" have impaired and broken them down, so that we often hear mummified men argue against education, especially of women, as "education is dangerous to health."

Thus two thousand years of the system that is called education have at last culminated in this self-evident absurdity, "that education is an injurious process," but the true meaning of the word education, if ever rightly understood, is buried and forgotten, as we can see by that conclusion.

A school that does not develop its pupils intellectually, morally, physically and practically "ought to be abolished as a mistake or a nuisance."

"The second element is training for the business and duties of life—in other words, 'Industrial Education.'" If born a hereditary capitalist, the industrial part of education is not such a necessity, but if by any turn of fortune, poverty overtakes such an one, then he has to join the beggars, thieves or swindlers, for such are those who have no industrial occupation. Women have been denied the industrial education, most of people raising their daughters even to think it degrading to do housework or plain sewing, and they have had to accept the crimes of "legal and illegal prostitution" as the alternative.

Colleges and seminaries all over our nation have effectively taught our young men to look upon manual labor as degrading, and only to aspire to the professions, office-holding and the glory of the army and navy. Silently this has grown into body-politic, and wrecks and failures strew the world.

The third element of a liberal education is the medical. A thorough knowledge of anatomy, of the laws of health and the moral duty is implanted that no one has a right to be drunk or to be sick. "By such a medical education, nineteenth of all the disease that ravages society would be annihilated." The time that is devoted to the acquisition of dead languages would be sufficient for such a medical education, and to women, especially, it would be a greater benefit than history, languages, grammar and music.

The fourth element is the moral education, "but these words are so impoverished and enfeebled," says Dr. Buchanan, "by the moral malaria of society that I would willingly drop them, to say that I mean the education of the soul—the education that shall make it truly the temple of the living God."

With the four elements of a liberal education—the physical, the industrial, the medical and the moral—how well the structure has been prepared to receive the fifth and the last, the intellectual. Numerically, the intellectual education takes its place the last and answers as the little finger does on the human hand, the last because the least.

The five elements of an education are like the inter-diffused gases; when permitted to intermingle, they are one, as oxygen and hydrogen producing water, so all the powers of the soul by co-education lead into "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace."

If the intellectual, or "little finger of education," is alone cultivated, you will behold what you now do, disorder, mental and physical wrecks, demoralization and decay.

The illiberal education of women, Dr. Buchanan dwells upon with great force of diction, and appeals to the sound sense of every reader of his book to the deplorably undeveloped condition of the female mind. He says: "Ignorant of her chief maternal duties, of hygiene, physiology and reproduction, she languishes in feeble health and transmits her infirmities to her children, whom she has been taught to rear as ignorantly as she has been reared herself." "The world's welfare demands that woman should be educated to resist evil and to protect herself from the debased classes. First, she should have the industrial education to make her independent and strong in herself to resist. Secondly, she should have the anatomical and hygienic knowledge with the broadest and truest understanding of the laws of reproduction." The science of life, of health and of disease, happiness and misery, virtue and vice,

she should understand, and "above all shining out as glorious sunlight, the endless power she holds in her own organism, the eternal life of the human race on earth."

"The mightiest cause of human degradation, greater than alcohol, is to be found in our false education, customs and laws on this subject." That woman ought to be the sole arbiter of maternity, he fully explains, and that her will, subordinate to the lusts and physical force of another, debases her and ruins the offspring, filling our penal colonies and prison pens with badly born and criminal beings.

Women who are the mothers of the race to-day were children yesterday, and the young whom God has developed to be the mothers of the future generations, Dr. Buchanan thinks philanthropists and teachers must instruct in physiology and hygienic knowledge, not that alone found in text books, but that imparted, born of experience, by wise women, embracing the entire science of health and disease, and the laws of hereditary descent and of moral improvement that looks to the growth and unfolding of healthy offspring and well balanced brains, which means being born a little lower than the angels. He further says: "The establishment of a department of hygiene and maternity in all schools where young ladies are admitted would be a blessing to future ages, which would compare in value with the Protestant Reformation or with the Declaration of American Independence. Our present neglect is cruelty to women and double cruelty to posterity. In this matter we are violating the laws of life and most sacred duties, and the penalties fall upon society without pardon or mercy."

The sphere of woman will never conflict with that of man, and gradually men will come to view the subject in this light, for the reason that the higher a woman is educated the more womanly she will be. And if our boards of education would permit the use of scientific instruction to our boys and girls in our colleges, seminaries and high schools upon the laws of their being, the sooner would the minds of men and women become unfolded to the knowledge that they live not alone for themselves, but "all for each, and each for all," and for the great eternal life that is progressive, beautiful and full of knowledge, and therefore happiness to themselves and millions yet unborn. "So it is wise," as Galen says, "to know thyself."

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 30, 1887.

Glimpse of Fairyland.

BY ANNIE SMITH WILLITS.

Oh, for a raise of the curtain,
Oh a breeze to whip it aside,
That tired, heart-broken mortals
May catch a glimpse of Heaven's side."

Is it a part of the plan of our being, of the unknown never to have a peep, or is it because so earthy we feign could comprehend with a peep?

When in deep thought our minds are soaring heavenward, and a quiet calm pervades our restless longings, methinks, at such peaceful rest and lulling of longings, the curtain is wafted, a peep of across the river is afforded. Longings are natural and quietings are often consequent.

Is it impossible to fancy some dear one is spreading the quieting veil and murmuring softly, "It is well?"

To think such earthly calms of heavenly origin is a hallowed thought, and to soul-weary mortals, speaks volumes of "sweet rest beyond."

DETROIT, Michigan.

An Appreciative Reader.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have been receiving the GOLDEN GATE for several weeks, but from whose generosity, I know not, not having any friends on the Pacific that would be likely to send me such a paper. But be assured, it is to me a feast of fat things, more esteemed than a banquet of the choicest viands. The flow of soul and feast of reason in Mr. Morse's utterances are fully appreciated; also in the charitable sentiments of Mr. Colville, I fancy I recognize the inspirations of the ancient Essenes, culling the gems from all religions of which to form a religion of humanity adapted to the brotherhood of man. For if, as Paul says, we are the offspring and sons of God and heirs and joint heirs of Jesus Christ, we have a common inheritance and need a common religion adapted to bind the common brotherhood together in sympathy and good fellowship. I can conceive nothing better adapted than the preaching of the GOLDEN GATE, namely the admiration of the worship (worship) of the sacred principle of equity, fraternal unity and liberality so persistently insisted upon by your correspondents. To one and all I feel indebted for their sentiments and experiences. The GOLDEN GATE sparkles with gems of thought and kind greetings.

By the cultivation of such generous feelings of truth and friendship, we are each building for ourselves monuments of friendly endearments in the undying memories of the good, which will last after monuments of marble and granite shall have crumbled to dust.

CHAS. WHITE.
ALEXANDRIA, Minn. Sept. 20, 1887.



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. V.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Vain glory blossoms, but does not bear.

Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

Truth has but one way, but that is the right way.

Justice is more powerful than arms.—*Gladiators.*

To change and to better are sometimes two different things.

Judge not hastily; it is better to suspend our opinion than to retract an assertion.

Our best friends are those who keep perfectly quiet when some one is enumerating our virtues.

The brave man carves out his fortune, and every man is the son of his own works.—*Cervantes.*

Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions than ruined by too confident a security.—*Burke.*

There is more or less sorrow in the word "good-by," and yet how we like to hear some people say it!

Good things have to be engraved on the memory; bad ones stick there of themselves.—*Charles Reade.*

The mind of man is so formed that, when fully awakened, it can be satisfied with nothing less than the Infinite.—*S. M. Crothers.*

Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection and strengthened by enjoyment.—*Colton.*

The whole faculties of man must be exerted in order to call forth noble energies; and he who is not earnestly sincere lives in but half his being, self-mutilated, self-paralyzed.—*Coleridge.*

A genuine and real belief in the presence and agency of God in the minor events and details of life is necessary to change them from secular cares into spiritual blessings.—*H. B. Stone.*

Educate only a man's head and you make him an infidel. Educate only a man's heart and you make him a fanatic. Educate them both together and you have the noblest work of God.—*Talmage.*

Let the soul remain before God as wax in the mold, as the canvas under the hand of the painter, or marble under the chisel of the sculptor. The Divine Workman will fashion it according to his good pleasure.—*Selected.*

Abundance of worldly goods diminishes our pleasures in using them, and too much liberty in choosing our occupations, arising from education, wealth and social position, renders the choice complicated, difficult, and often useless.—*Tolstoy.*

Is anything more wonderful than another if you consider it maturely? I have seen no men rise from the dead; I have seen some thousands rise from nothing. I have not force to fly into the sun, but I have force to lift my hand, which is equally strange.—*Carlyle.*

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S CREED.

Inspirational Lecture by W. J. Colville, Delivered in Odd Fellows' Hall, Sunday Evening, Sept. 25, 1887.

[Report for the Golden Gate by Chas. H. Heath.]

1. Happiness is the only good.
2. The way to be happy is to make others happy. Other things being equal, that man is the happiest who is the nearest just—who is truthful, merciful, and intelligent—in other words, the man who lives in accordance with the conditions of life.

3. The time to be happy is *now*, and the place to be happy is *here*.

4. Reason is the lamp of the mind—the only torch of progress; and, instead of blowing that out and depending upon darkness and dogma, it is far better to increase that light.

5. Every man should be the intellectual proprietor of himself—honest with himself and intellectually hospitable—and upon every brain reason should be enthroned as king.

6. That every man must bear the consequences, at least, of his own actions; that if he put his hand in the fire, *his* hand must smart, and not the hands of another. In other words, that each man must eat the fruit of the tree he plants.

The above creed is indeed, as the GOLDEN GATE has remarked, as good a one as was ever invented, though, of course, it does not go as far in the recognition of spiritual truth as many of us would desire to have it. The very word is objectionable in the ears of many people, though for what reason we are at a loss to surmise, unless it be that many foolish, ignorant and dogmatic creeds have been forced upon the world, but such dogmatic compilations are in many instances, properly speaking, not creeds at all. The word creed, as you are doubtless all well aware, is derived from the Latin *Credo*, (I believe). Therefore, out of the three great creeds of Christendom, two are, properly speaking, creeds; the third is not rightly a creed, but a dogmatic ecclesiastical manifesto. The Apostle's Creed begins with "I believe," so does the Nicene Creed, but the Athanasian Creed begins with, "*Quicumque vult*," etc. "Whoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith, which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." That awful declaration is, however, inconsistently modified before we reach the end of the "creed," as a concluding clause reads: "They who have done good shall go into life everlasting." So Col. Ingersoll is not excluded from eternal happiness, even on the showing of the pretended creed of Athanasius, who, by the way, if history does not lie, was not its author or compiler. The three creeds held alike by the Roman, Greek and Anglican divisions of the Christian hierarchy show us how primitive simplicity and becoming modesty and charity were banished as soon as imperialism took root in Christian minds and countries. The first creed (the Apostle's) is a simple exposition of evangelical Christianity in terse and lucid sentences; the Nicene Creed is a more elaborate and verbose exposition of the same doctrine, but both these creeds are so written as to challenge no opposition. The right of freedom of speech would be arraigned should we question any one's right to express publicly, if he wishes, his religious convictions. The Athanasian Creed is not properly reprehensible because of its mysterious doctrine of a Trinity of three persons in the Godhead, but solely on account of the presumptuous blasphemy which makes any man, or body of men, dare to condemn all their fellow beings to everlasting damnation, unless they agree with them in accepting incomprehensible notions regarding the nature of the Supreme Being.

Col. Ingersoll having replied to the savage and purling criticisms and denunciations of Dr. Talmage, the eminent pulpit sensationalist of Brooklyn Tabernacle, has favored the public with a statement of what he does believe. He has told us so much about what he does not believe that we are truly delighted with an affirmative statement from his ready pen and eloquent tongue. His creed is a worthy and a liberal one; he

does not seek to bind it as a chain about the neck of his brethren; he is content to hold and proclaim it as his own honest belief and conviction, and in so doing challenge the thoughtful and respectful attention of the entire thinking community.

Let us take a moment's glance at the man before we analyze his creed. Men and their creeds always bear a family resemblance. A contracted creed could never have been drawn up by a broad, liberal man. A narrow mind could never have devised such a creed as Ingersoll's. Ingersoll, both mentally and physically, is an instructive as well as an interesting subject for study; his is a large, genial, breezy nature. He carries with him the breadth of the prairies, and is, in many senses, a good typical American. His intellect is great, but not fully developed, neither is it highly polished. His personal appearance is attractive, strong, manly, fairly social, and withal gentle, for, strange as it may seem, the author of "Mistakes of Moses," and other literary firebrands and bombshells, is in every sense a gentle and an affectionate man in his friendly and domestic relations. As a father, a husband and a citizen he is irreproachable, and as a lawyer he is a conscientious advocate of liberty. As a lecturer he is a ruthless iconoclast in nine instances out of every ten, but every one in while his tones are tender, melting, pathetic, and when they are so, he moves his audience, not only to mingled applause and tears by his burning eloquence, but by the profundity and moral aptitude of his constructive reasoning. As a destroyer of the world's faith we have often had passages at arms with Ingersoll, but when he undertakes to build we can only watch with unqualified admiration the skill and deftness of his work.

Article 1 in his creed reads: "Happiness is the only good."—as sweeping an assertion as it is possible for any one to make, and one, moreover, to which exception might readily be taken, but we have no desire to cavil or disagree; we prefer to look deeply into this sentence and see if we can not discover in it a perfect epitome of sound philosophy.

That happiness is the supreme object of human search is self-evident, for the most religious, even when they profess to disregard earthly happiness, seek happiness in heaven which they believe will be of eternal duration, while the most unselfish, who seem not to seek their own individual enjoyment, devise all their schemes of benevolence with a view to securing the happiness of others. Thus happiness is clearly the universal good desired; whether we seek our own or that of others is the criterion of our selfishness or our philanthropy. If it is natural to man to seek happiness as the supreme goal of all his effort, may we not safely conclude that we are constituted by an infinitely happy God whose good pleasure it is that all should seek and find happiness that will endure forever. This thought certainly discords with Christian orthodoxy, but harmonizes with all liberal thought and spiritual philosophy.

Article 2 in Ingersoll's creed reads: "The way to be happy is to make others happy. Other things being equal, that man is the happiest who is the nearest just—who is truthful, merciful, and intelligent—in other words, the man who lives in accordance with the conditions of life." This article being expository and exegetical needs close analysis, and to many minds some amplification to render it wholly acceptable alike to the moral sense and intellectual understanding. Its morality is unexceptionable. Who among moral teachers has ever given a surer place to truthfulness and mercy than Ingersoll? Truth and mercy he places even before intelligence, thereby according with what we perpetually insist upon, viz., that moral training is even more important than mental culture, though both are of priceless value.

Let us briefly consider the nature and especial merits of the three excellencies to which Ingersoll gives the most conspicuous place in his code of ethics, in fact the only three he mentions in his creed as necessary to a "just" man, one who, to use his own words, "lives in accordance with the conditions of life"—life meaning, of course, something infinitely above mere vegetative existence, as simple bodily existence is maintained by many who violate every condition of

life in its highest meaning. Now what is it to be truthful, merciful, and intelligent? We should reply, it is to be just, loving and wise. Truth must ever stand foremost among the virtues. We must be true to ourselves and true to humanity if we would make our lives peaceful, useful and harmonious. What is truth? It is a question we all need to ask of that inward monitor we agree in calling conscience; we have all a moral sense, a perception of right, and this inward perception or intuitive conviction never leads us astray. It may apparently differ in measure, but never in kind with different individuals. All may know a certain amount of truth, though all may not know equally much of truth. To be true is to be loyal to one's highest convictions of right and duty, and though perfection be not possible in all instances, perfect truthfulness of intent is the characterizing mark of every noble man and woman.

The idea of unlimited progress does not conflict in any sense with the highest standard of relative truthfulness held up by an individual as the guide of personal conduct. Truth demands that we should follow its lead instantly and unhesitatingly in all cases; *i. e.*, we must never dally with convictions; never toy with conscientious scruples; never resort to the sophistry of self-excuse, but act immediately without reluctance in accordance with our highest conception of right.

Truth is infinite and we are finite; there is always an infinite ocean of truth unsounded, unexplored by us. As in mathematical studies, for instance, problem after problem presents itself before us for solution, each one somewhat more difficult than its predecessor, we may be utterly unable as yet to solve the more abstruse of the problems we have encountered, while those less difficult we can solve readily if we will only faithfully apply the rule. The more difficult ones we shall be able to grapple with by and by, if we are only faithful and diligent in our studies, but there is no road to our ever mastering obstacles now apparently insuperable other than the plain direct one of conscientious, unflinching devotion to our study. Let this serve as an illustration with reference to our discovery of truth. Much truth is veiled from us in dim obscurity, but our eyes grow stronger as we rightly use them, and every effort to follow the guidance of truth prepares us for and simplifies our next higher research into its mysteries. What then is our practical duty in daily life? We always speak the truth? Yes, except when it is our duty to remain silent.

A criminal is not required, by the civil law, to criminate himself in court, but he is most assuredly bound by the most sacred moral obligation never to utter a falsehood in self-defense. There are indeed times when we should keep silence, as well as times when we should speak, but no time ever occurs when it is permissible to tell a lie, no, nor even to act one.

But some may object, Is it not our duty to help and shield our fellow-beings? Are there not often extenuating circumstances which should be duly considered? Are not your too rigid moralists apt to err on the side of severity, and in overlooking clemency discard one of the sweetest of graces and most noble of virtues? We answer unhesitatingly, Whenever such inquiries are raised, ends never justify means which are not in themselves good. What is commonly called the Jesuitical policy is a dastardly one, and one, moreover, which must ultimately prove fatal to the welfare of all who adopt it. In that pathetic drama, "The Two Orphans," which the public are never tired of witnessing, a fatally weak spot mars the moral beauty of the character of a Sister of Charity, who is in every respect the embodiment of mercy. She finds herself in a terribly trying situation. A child she loves dearly, one who leans on her as upon a tender mother, is in cruel danger and deep distress, and to save the poor, blind maiden whose heart is breaking at the thought of an impending catastrophe, she resorts to a falsehood, a simple "white lie," to frustrate the evil designs of an unscrupulous adversary. Was such a falsehood wicked? It was assuredly weak, as no one can condescend to employ deception as a weapon of defense if he trusts implicitly in the almightiness of truth.

How few of us, alas! have that perfect faith in truth which would enable us to remove every mountain of error out of our path if we only possessed it. Lack-

ing this supreme trust in truth, we weakly yield to deception with what we fondly call the best motive possible. Our intent may be good, but our policy is virtually suicidal. Tell the truth or preserve silence, is a motto we should do well to hang up in a conspicuous place in all our schools, homes, and places of business.

A mistake can never be a lie, an unintentional misstatement has in it none of the characteristics, and possesses none of the attributes of mendacity. We may often ignorantly and quite innocently err in judgment, and thus unknowingly mislead ourselves and others. Such a condition of affairs is perfectly excusable on the ground that we are not omniscient. But falsehood, to partake of the nature of opposition to truth, must be freighted with the intention to deceive. Of course falsehood is encountered in various depths of criminality; its very mildest form is that in which we employ it as a cloak to save our neighbors from distress. In its worst guise it is the result of deliberate intention to wrong another. The three forms of lying most common may be described as the lie of timidity, the lie of selfishness, and the lie of malice. The first is of course more of a weakness than a sin, even though the element of sinfulness is not absent. The second is very popular, indeed awfully prevalent, and the source of untold misery. The third is the most despicable and fiendish thing imaginable on earth, and can never proceed from the lips of any but depraved persons.

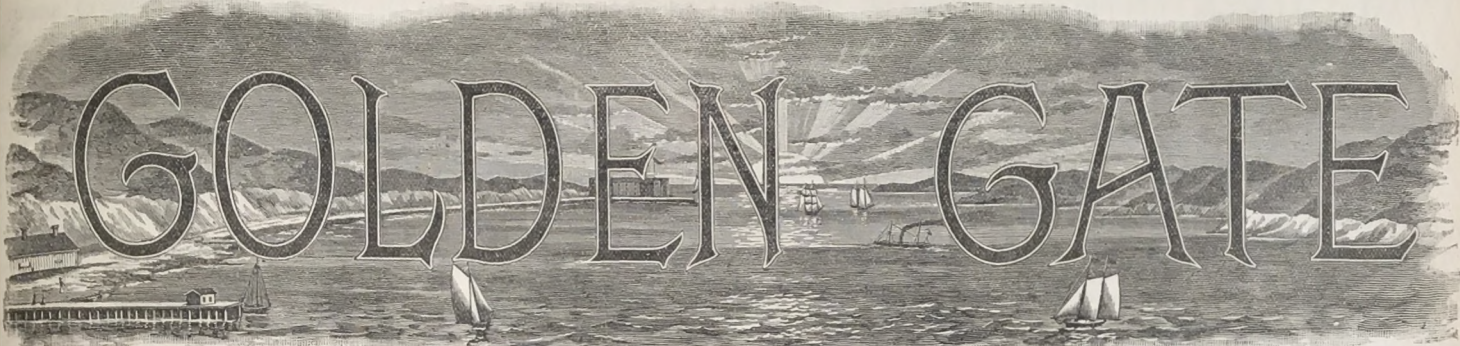
To be always truthful one needs a large stock of courage, and for ourselves we can scarcely see how any one can have the requisite amount of confidence in truth to be always true unless he has confidence in a Supreme and Universal Being who is infinitely true, who is the author and inspirer of the law of the universe, and whose infinite veracity insures the triumph of truth and the defeat of falsehood in accordance with the very nature and constitution of universal moral government.

Ingersoll is not an avowed Theist, but so far as we understand him he has no prejudice against pure Theism. The evidences of the being of God are, in his opinion, not strong enough to justify him in saying, "I believe in God." But surely, no man could place truthfulness in the place of honor, to which Ingersoll assigns it, were he not morally in harmony with the most exalted Theism. His intellect wavers between the ideas of God and no God, but his innermost sentiments and his noblest aspirations are all preeminently theistic, as they are also altruistic. Next to truth, Ingersoll places mercy, and we must remember he is defining a just man's character, so we take it for granted he means, by mercy, that beautiful and regal attribute of divinity which always was, and ever will be, the spouse of perfect equity.

Just at this season when the Jewish fast of Yom Kippur, or the Day of Atonement, is celebrated by many thousands of our best citizens in San Francisco, and by all the millions of Israel the world over, it is peculiarly appropriate to consider the relations of justice and mercy in the divine beneficence, and what lends added importance to this theme is that the doctrine of atonement is considered the very vital point in Christian orthodoxy. You are all far too familiar with the Christian scheme of redemption to necessitate our rehearsing it to you. It is, in fine, a wonderfully constructed edifice built upon the treacherous and of a misconception with regard to the relation of the divine attributes one toward the other. God, the Father, represents justice; God, the Son, mercy; and these two persons in the trinity have positively to become at variance with each other, at least in appearance, in order that justice and mercy may alike be satisfied.

The wretched, blinding sophistry to which this baseless assumption has given birth needs only to be examined to be instantly refuted as a libel on the very nature of Deity and the constitution of the universe. You who have been to strictly orthodox Christian churches and heard old-fashioned Calvinistic sermons and Sunday school lessons, must have felt your young minds rebelling against the monstrous inhumanity of a schoolmaster who would punish one boy and let another go free, accepting an innocent victim in the stead of a guilty culprit. Yet this most immoral illustration of God's

(Continued on Third Page.)



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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Without adversity a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.—*Felding.*

The reproaches of enemies should quicken us to duty, and not keep us from duty.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

We become divine by being filled with brother-love for all that lives.—*Swedenborg.*

Everything that gives us liberty without giving us command over ourselves is destructive.

It is true that the busiest man is the happiest man, but he doesn't have time to realize it.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself into one.

Life appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrong.—*Charlotte Brontë.*

There is a pleasure in receiving good; but the greatest pleasure is doing good, which comprehends the rest.

Endeavor to be honestly rich or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you will spoil all.

Character is property. It is the noblest of possessions. It is an estate in the general good-will and respect of men.

Inclination is not inspiration, but every kind and honest gift is an inspiration from the heart of the All-Good.

I never knew one who made it his business to lash the faults of others that was not guilty of greater ones himself.—*Addison.*

To be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor or the toilet. Good manners count for more than good clothes.—*Bishop Deane.*

I have always found that the honest truth of our own mind has a certain attraction for every other mind that loves truth honestly.—*Carlyle.*

Study rather to fill your minds than your coffers, knowing that gold and silver were originally mingled with dirt, until avarice or ambition parted them.

The first beginning of a remedy is that some one believes a remedy possible—believes that if he cannot live in the truth he can die by it. Dost thou believe it? Then is the new era begun.—*Carlyle.*

The more people do the more they can do. He that does nothing renders himself incapable of doing anything. While we are executing one work, we are preparing ourselves to undertake another.

The beginning of hardships is like the first taste of bitter food—it seems for a moment unbearable; yet if there is nothing else to satisfy your hunger, we take another bite, and find it possible to go on.

Written for the Golden Gate. The Clergy and Immortality.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The *Boston Daily Herald* recently sent out a circular to distinguished clergymen, requesting a reply to this important question: "What are the strongest proofs and arguments in support of a belief in a life hereafter? Over a score of answers were received, and together present a curious study.

Darwin has already expressed the thought of his school in a letter wherein he says: "Believing, as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is; it is an intolerable thought, that he and all other sentient beings, are doomed to annihilation after such long continued slow progress." Yet he concludes, "I cannot pretend to throw the least light on such abstruse problems."

He leaves us entirely in the dark on this vitally important subject; and we shall see that the learned and pious men who orate from the sixty thousand pulpits in these United States, imploring the people to turn their attention to the life everlasting, are almost as blind.

James Freeman Clarke basis his belief in a future life, that such belief is "a human instinct," that there is evidence that the soul is independent of the body; faith in God teaches that he must give us immortality, and the resurrection of Christ establishes the fact of continued existence after death.

Rev. Percy Brown of the St. James Episcopal Church, Boston:

And in the intellectual sphere the arguments for and against immortality—from Plato to our day—are so numerous and so varied in degrees of strength, that there is no assurance that the belief resting on any of them may not be overthrown at a moment's notice, unless the intellectual believer is sure that the special argument upon which he rests his belief is stronger than any conceivable argument which can be brought against it. I confess I know of no such invulnerable argument on the affirmative side. It is quite possible that a materialistic lecturer, equipped with the latest conclusion of some atheistic scientist, might be able in an hour to sweep from every mind in his audience their belief in immortality, simply because their purely mental hold on the doctrine was necessarily at the mercy of any strong novel attack.

He thinks the "spiritual" form of this belief quite another thing from this intellectual phase, but even of the arguments urged by this spiritual form, "none of them are without flaw, and the strongest on the affirmative side to-day, may have no strength against some new argument on the negative side to-morrow."

Rev. Solomon Shindler, Reformed Jewish Rabbi of Temple Adath Israel, declares that there is no proof of a life hereafter, either furnished by science or religion, and suggests that if there is such a life, we shall probably drink the cup of lethe and forget all about this state at death.

Rev. H. W. Fonte, King's Chapel, Boston, (Unitarian) bases his argument on the incompleteness of this life, and thinks its prolongation necessary for the fulfillment of the prophecies it makes.

Rev. Julian K. Smyth, Swedenborgian, is the only one of the long list who mentions Spiritualism, and that only in passing to allude to its impotency to compel belief, and concludes: "The risen Christ is the fact on which the church is built."

Rev. C. A. Bartol, pastor of the West Church, Boston, (Congregational) says: "Eternal life must be something we must be conscious of but cannot demonstrate."

Joseph Cook, in a fog of oratory, comes to the conclusion that "the resurrection of Christ" is the basis of all evidence. It would be wearisome to detail the opinions of the lesser lights, for they almost, without exception, agree in the one point that immortality is proven and only proven by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. That is all the Bible or the church, at its best, can do for mankind hungered for this knowledge more priceless than all the wealth of the world.

It has been furnished 1800 years and never has satisfied, and now after a God has died for the purpose of giving this evidence, we are told that it is not proven and never can be more than a belief—a blind faith! When this argument of an arisen Christ is brought forward, overlooking the many doubts cast on the historic record, granting all is exactly as stated, what evidence of man's immortality is the resurrection of an incarnate God? To

prove our immortality, Christ should be human like ourselves. He was not. He was an incarnate God, and therefore by the fact of his nature immortal, and his resurrection is not evidence that human beings will meet with like resurrection from the grave.

The pulpit unites on the one proof of future life, being furnished by the resurrection of Christ as narrated in the Bible. The claim is made that this evidence is all sufficient, yet skepticism increases, and the leaders of thought to-day boldly declare their disbelief. These ministers bring forward the time old, threadbare arguments which were used by generations past, with the charming childlike assurance of their profundity and newness, and are totally oblivious to the changes in thought, wrought in the present by new discoveries in science, and what may be called the spirit of the age. They have been asleep and the world has gone forward in a new Spiritual dispensation, and they know it not!

For almost forty years the spirit world has been in direct intercourse with the world of mortals, yet none of these ministers of the gospel have heard of it, or if they have, dare mention the fact. In comparison with a single rap vibrating through the cable which spans the tide between the supernal sphere and this, what are all the arguments that may be brought? There is the one undeniable fact, and who can gainsay?

Our spirit friends return. We know they live, and love us; our faith has been transformed to knowledge. The antiquated views of a minister of the gospel are of interest as showing a preceding age of thought, fossilized, just as fossils in the rock please by presenting views of the monsters of an earlier time. Farther than this, the Spiritualist has no case, for his assuring knowledge leaves him no need of speculation.

If we wished to prove that man was immortal, we should not speculate or call on science, or appeal to the example of the death and resurrection of an incarnate God, but would triumphantly point to the facts of Spiritualism, and say to the doubter, You have but to investigate to be confirmed in knowledge.

How long will religious teachers go on after the old style arranging and rearranging reasons pro and con, blind to the only unanswerable evidence which is furnished to their hand?

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Spirit's Experience.

In days gone, I sorrowfully acknowledge I gave the theme, "Spirit Return," too little of my thoughts. And now that I am in full realization of its vast benefit to suffering man, to the great family of brothers and sisters, I come through my kind amanuensis and give testimony to its truth, and to the great fact that all live and none perish.

God has ordained eternal life to all,—life radiant and resplendent to us all, when we learn to love one another. I left earth rather unexpectedly; I was anxious to live yet a little longer—a few more years, but destiny pronounced the negative. My fires of earth were quenched, and my body laid in the grave.

But though called death, this was life—renewed life—life more real than before. What do I say? more real? Ah, the second awakening of the soul to consciousness. It is a new birth—a transcendent birth into new life, and light, and summer loveliness.

I awakened with great surprise. But oh! such a bright and beautiful world! I had wished to live longer to finish my work which I delighted so much in doing. I had been intent upon my earth work. But some angelic form came to my bedside when I was low and whispered softly, "Your time on earth is nearly expired, my darling; you must be content to die; it will be well with you," and in a moment I fell back and breathed my last. This transition to the Summer Land can not be portrayed by human pen.

Iridescent radiations compassed me about, and my soul was lifted up with joy unspeakable at the chambers of beauty and glory which opened up to my new eyes. I looked about me in holy amazement; I felt that I could praise my Maker without ceasing—forever. O, the realiza-

tion that I had found a home in the skies which would seem more fitting to the archangels.

Will these halls of celestial gold, these domes studded with ruby, sapphire and diamond—will they be mine forever? O, this is too much, I cried; I am unworthy. And before me were congregated souls robed in white, with countenance beaming with love divine. These loving ones approached and greeted me in gentle love tones. And the pleasure animating these souls seemed as from off the throne of heaven.

Thus, my dear friends, my inception to the better land was a bright and happy one. In my earth-life I had endeavored to be good and do a little good in the world. But little could I do; my heart went out for suffering humanity. The poor Indians I sought to defend, for it ever occurred to me that the pale faces had unjustly, if not cruelly, dismantled them by expelling them from their native forest homes.

But the hand of injustice, if such it was, can not deprive the poor Indian of his sweet hunting-ground in the gentle Summer Land. No. And this makes me happy. The Indian enjoys his forest here, and none can molest or make him afraid.

Thanking with all my heart my very kind scribe, and hoping I may be permitted to come again, I bid adieu.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

What Dr. Elliot Coues Says About the Attack on Theosophy.

[Washington Star, January 7.]

Dr. Elliot Coues talked quite freely with a *Star* reporter the other evening concerning the recent publication as to the "exposure" of Mme. Blavatsky, the great spirit of the Theosophical Society. As a well-known man of science, and at the same time the head of the Theosophical Society in this country, what he says on the subject will doubtless be of interest. He held in his hand an editorial abstract of the report of Mr. Hodgson in which the "exposure" is made, and he read from and commented upon it.

"They start out with the assumption," he said, "that Mme. Blavatsky created or discovered theosophy—they speak of her as the 'inventor' of theosophy and think to assail her is to attack the school of thought. Theosophy is no more dependent upon her than upon you or anybody else. The school of thought is as old as the Greek language. Theosophy means the wisdom of God. It is merely a school of higher thought; a study of those things in nature that are still mysterious to the majority of mankind. Mme. Blavatsky was one of the founders of the Theosophical Society, and to her is due the credit of forming the society. But she is no more the founder or 'inventor' of theosophy than the organizer of a literary society is the inventor of literature. So whether she ever played any tricks on people or not has no bearing on the science of theosophy. But she has been hounded and maligned in an outrageous manner.

"Theosophy is spoken of here," he continued, "as a hodge-podge of Brahminism, Buddhism, Spiritualism, and necromancy. Now, it is nearer Buddhism than anything else that it is not. It is entirely at variance with Brahminism. Brahminism is priestcraft of India. Buddhism is opposed to priestcraft and superstition. It has no faith in the supernatural. It reaches by entirely natural means what may appear supernatural. Theosophy is akin to Buddhism. As to its relation to Spiritualism, I say only that theosophy does not recognize any supernatural agencies. As to necromancy, that is a good enough word in its way, but it does not in any sense apply to us. It is a term used for almost any devilry, but it relates properly to certain superstitious rites over the dead.

"Theosophy is a study of the finer forces of nature that are more or less covered up and difficult of access. I have never heard of a theosophist believing in anything supernatural or pretending that he applied to any unnatural agency. His object is to discover the purely natural causes of things that appear strange and miraculous. I do not believe in miracles—I know of no theosophist who does. I do not think a miracle was ever performed or ever will be."

"There have been things that seemed miracles to those who did not understand

them, but theosophy discovers their natural cause; and their happenings are as natural as the force of gravitation. Theosophy studies the mysteries of nature, and dispels the idea of the supernatural. It cannot be explained to a person who has not made a study of the subject any more than you could explain differential calculus to a man who knew nothing at all of the lower mathematics—or than you could explain the sense of smell to one who had never had the power of smelling. It is a mere matter of science, like any other branch of scientific research. There is nothing sentimental about it. It is not a sect or religion.

"It is said here that the society claims to be under special protection of a mysterious brotherhood in Tibet, spoken of as adepts and as Mahatmas. I never heard of their being under the special protection of the Mahatmas. A Mahatma is not a man holding communion with supernatural powers. Mahatma means great soul or high spirituality. A Mahatma is a man of great soul or a magnanimous man. Emerson might be termed a Mahatma. Plato and Moses were Mahatmas.

"You see what folly and ignorance is displayed in all this talk.

"As to the 'projection of the double' or the appearance of the astral form far away from where the body is, I know that the astral form may be projected a great distance from the body, and be visible, audible and almost tangible. It is accomplished by natural forces that have been discovered by scientific research. I can do it myself. I have attained that power and have many times projected my astral form.

"On the 23d of June I was in Chicago at a reception given in my honor by my sister, Mrs. J. M. Flower, wife of Judge Flower, of Chicago. On that occasion I projected my double and called on and talked with a very accomplished lady in Washington, who possesses great psychic powers. This is her own account of the visit: 'You have paid me three astral visits during the past six months. I will state the circumstances now. There may be something in them that will be further proof of your power to project your double. On the evening of June 23 I was sitting at my window . . . when I distinctly heard you say "No." Naturally I turned to see from whence the voice came, and to my surprise saw you [your double rather] standing by my side. "Why not?" I asked. "Because I have gone," was the reply. "I am in Chicago visiting my sister, Mrs. J. M. Flower, (whether such a person exists or not I do not know), and looking into theosophical matters a little. Just then I seemed to see you in the midst of a gathering of people. I asked what it meant. The reply was, "Oh, only a little reception my sister is giving in honor of me." I then asked for the names of one or two persons present as proof. These names were given: Prof. Rodney Welch and Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson. With this you disappeared. I immediately got up and noticed the time—10.20—and then noted the above down, as you once requested me to do, so I could give it to you just as it happened."

"On the evening of Nov. 2, and the morning of the 5th you again appeared." "At the time my astral form appeared to her," said Dr. Coues, "I was talking to about forty people, among whom were the two named in this note.

"As to the transportation of solid bodies by means of this science, I do not know as much. The precipitation of writing, I know, can be preformed. There is no supernatural agency in it. It is merely a use of the subtle sources of nature. Like all other true sciences, theosophy is incomprehensible to those who have not studied it. A man must have peculiar powers of sensitiveness in order to study the more subtle forces of nature. It is a difficult study."

To think we are able is almost to be so. To determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. Thus earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it almost a savor of omnipotence.—*Samuel Smiles.*

It is not the gift, but the giving, which is most precious and helpful. It is not the succor, but the sympathy and intelligence and gentle humanity with which it is offered, that cheers the very soul of the poor and weary and the dying.

Reading Up.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

During confinement to the house the past week, on account of a bad cold, I have found time to finish reading some numbers of the GOLDEN GATE that had to be laid away in the Summer unfinished.

Some articles by J. Waldemar Tonner are very suggestive. They arraign Spiritualism and Spiritualists for various shortcomings. Perhaps our Brother has good cause for complaint in the want of harmony among Spiritualists and their want of charity for each other, also their not being as a body up to the standard of himself and friend Shepard in matters æsthetical.

We all regret that these things should be so, and ought, by all means, to try to remedy these defects. But is he not altogether "off" in quitting a good cause and a great truth for such reasons, and going amongst those where he has got to stultify himself if he assimilates with them, and "side-track" his reason and common sense if he subscribes to their tenets? Any priest who should announce to the world that Jesse Shepard, a spirit medium, was furnishing the holy Catholic Church with music through the phenomenal part of Spiritualism, not glossing it over with churchly parlance, would fare no better than did Father McGlynn at the hands of the Pope.

Allowing his complaint to be well founded of the lack of taste and refinement among spiritualist congregations (which I most emphatically deny as far as my observation goes), does he find it average any better where he has gone? Does he feel any more pride in the people that surround him now, than he would among such congregations as we see at our Temple, or at Washington or Irving Hall, or even among the crowds that are attracted to Mrs. Whitney's meetings by the phenomena that get the proof from their friends on the other side, and get not only the proof but comfort that "sticks."

Two weeks ago I was at one of those meetings at Odd Fellows' Hall, and sat by the side of a gray-haired attorney, formerly of Stockton, now of San Francisco. We were in the gallery looking down upon the "sea of heads," and he made this remark: "It is not often we see an audience drawn together in such numbers with such a development of brain."

But suppose we were not up to Brother Waldemar's standard in taste and culture, was that good cause for quitting us? How was it with the Great Master "who spake as never man spake," and into whose church our Brother thinks he has gone? Did he make any such conditions for his associates? Did he not rather take the unlettered fishermen and tent makers, as well as those of more learning? And it was even said of him, "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them."

To the question, "What has Spiritualism done in forty years," we must admit that Spiritualists have not given of their means as they should have done to build halls, found institutions, and help the cause along.

There is no class or sect which ought to realize so plainly as Spiritualists the egregious folly, not to say wickedness, of hoarding up wealth here, and not using it while living to do good with; for no other people have the celestial wires so laid as to bring to them from the supernal world the fact of the terrible misery of a soul that has lived only for self—who had the means of doing vast good, but held on to it till too late. Communications innumerable have come over the wires from those who once were rich, but now are poor indeed, speaking in most impressive terms of their sad condition from this cause alone, and of the reparation they had to make before peace came to them, and regretting so deeply that in this one respect they had not done differently. But these regrets came when their signature to a check was worth no more than the poorest beggar's.

If the criticism of Brother Waldemar shall have the effect to arouse Spiritualists to means to a realization of their situation in this respect, of their opportunities that will not always last, then shall we be under the greatest obligation to him. But if outside of the financial question our brother has not got a favorable answer to the question, "What good has Spiritualism done?" it is because he has not gone to the right man. Let him ask that question of the man who in a few years has lost father, mother, sister, brother, and his wife dearer than his own soul. They may all have been patterns of morality, honesty and unselfishness, but all passed on without making any "confession of faith," and by a strict construction of orthodox or Catholic dogmas are enduring the miseries of a hell out of which there is no escape throughout the endless ages of eternity. A man so afflicted will answer, "Spiritualism has done everything." Loving messages have come to him, saying: "My home is beautiful and bright." "All is well with me." "Do not mourn for me; I am so happy." "I am with you much, to help, comfort and impress you." "That dear wife is with us now—no longer a stranger sister—and when your mission is ended we will all welcome you to our glorious home."

These are not imaginary, but real messages that, with many others, have come to one afflicted soul in a few months, and raised it from the depths of despair to

where it can see the "gates ajar," and get a glimpse of that better life beyond.

But what does dogmatic theology give? Nothing—so much worse than nothing that figures are inadequate to compute the difference, or pen to portray it.

The artist's hand has tried in vain on the somber walls of many an old monastery, cathedral, or mission building, to illustrate it, but the mind of man is incapable of taking it in—with all its terrible significance.

Not three miles from where I live, on the same section of land, live two families into which the angel of death has come the past year.

In the one the mother, a very aged lady, is a good Catholic. The other family are Spiritualists, and many times has the loving message come in every way—by closed slates, the trance medium and written messages, telling of that beautiful home above, and the arisen one (the mother) sends loving assurances that she has not left the household, but is there to impress, and assist and assure them of her undying love—speaking of affairs no one else could know.

In the other family it was a son that was taken—the idol of his dear old mother. He was a pattern of filial affection, morality, uprightness and unselfishness, but could not see it to be his duty to join the Catholic Church, and on this account the old lady could get no comfort from the priest. He was beyond his reach, which to the old lady meant beyond any hope of salvation, and her despair has been complete. So literal has been her rendering of the words of the priest that for months she could find no enjoyment in the choicest luxuries or fruit that were sent in because "Willie was in misery."

This is no hypothetical case, but an actual fact. I was present, and being a friend stopped and closed his eyes in death. Now is there not a fearful responsibility somewhere for the existence of a belief having results like that?

Do those who have held it up as the best a good God has to offer to his children realize that there may come a time when the bitter chalice may be pressed to their own lips, and an awakened conscience pronounce the edict, "Depart ye into the miseries you have so persistently threatened for others?"

Should not a momentary glance of this subject cause Spiritualists to heal their differences, sink all feelings of envy or spite, all uncharitableness, and save their energies to combat, not people in the orthodox and Catholic churches, but the errors that enshroud them?

LEON M. BOWDOIN.

STOCKTON, Jan. 20, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Spiritualism and Metaphysics.

BY ABRA L. HOUTON.

There is a saying going about "if you want to get a religion go to Boston, and there you will find something that will surely suit your mind."

Now, one of the new phases of thought that is claimed to have been fostered and sent forth in great strength from the hub of late, to conquer and annihilate all other faiths, is the one termed metaphysics or spiritual science.

J. S. Loveland says, in *New Thought*, that "metaphysics is a deep laid scheme to capture a large portion of Spiritualists," that "the principal promulgators of it are avowed enemies of Spiritualism. And they know, if you do not, that the two are hostile to each other. Spiritualism or metaphysics must go down." The Bible is quoted and explained as though no question existed as to its authority. Jesus is appealed to as though a veritable personage, and faith is insisted upon as strongly as would Luther himself. "Do you wish to turn your circles into prayer meetings, accept Theosophy; it will lead there if followed." "We are to trust in God, and fear no evil." "We would reject it for that reason, if for no other."

Any one who can write the above must be full of prejudice against the Christian religion, and he may have cause, for what I know, as he was a minister in one of the churches for many years, I believe; but laying aside all enmity or selfishness, bigotry or pride in this argument, can not the Bible be quoted for its beautiful similes, its poetic thought, its deep prophecies, and stand beside the beautiful and true that are uttered to-day by Longfellow, Andrew Jackson Davis, Robert Dale Owen and Theodore Parker, and hosts of others, among whom we may add Colville and Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, and not one word be out of place or out of date? All truth is immortal, ever was and ever will be; let its discovery be made by mortal man in the ages that are dead or in this hour's breath of time.

That Jesus lived and was no myth, is well attested by Flavius Josephus, and the Jewish church stands to-day a living evidence that history has come down to us in an unmutated form.

The Christian church, all well known, has made of his life and death a great fabrication out of the heathenism that surrounded the world, but when any one attempts to destroy the beautiful expressions of truth that surround that life, and the strength of his wisdom that gave the world the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer, that person, so doing, has to part company with nearly all Spiritualists.

No metaphysician, no Spiritualist, can believe that Jesus died for any one but himself, a martyr to the truths He preached. Such minds as Paine, Franklin, O'Connor and Lincoln commune often with earth souls, and they affirm the existence of Jesus, but are not associated with him, as He has advanced on beyond them in spiritual truths.

Again, no one needs to take the Bible, or any book, or any man, as an infallible guide. Colville says: "The manner that Jesus taught all men to love each other makes it easy for us to understand its truth; and yet we must not lean on any man; we must think for ourselves; live only to know and investigate all truth. Analyze the New Testament, taking the precious stones in it, and crushing them by our thoughts, and let them be to us as revelations, not because Jesus said them, or any man said them, but because they are true."

"We can accept a truth because it is true, no matter who said it, what it is, or where it came from, and in that way we become true metaphysicians."

Now, as to being a true Spiritualist, and I can be no other, for I have passed the bounds of the "shadow and valley" that man has invented, and stood amid those who are no longer plain to man's view, I found in spirit life—the real life—this life but a shadow. All we see here on earth have their prototypes in spirit.

"Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater."

Space is nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing."

Visiting the homes of the angels, looking upon the work of "world builders," listening to the counsel of the gods, and viewing their great cities, their beautiful homes and vast institutions of learning and art, their libraries compared with which those of earth would be like straw; then, coming back to earth, and finding my body or earthly robe lying where I left it, and seeing and feeling myself become once more robed in earthly garments, I am ready to affirm that "All is spirit; there is no matter," that "I and my Father are one."

Call the Father Force, Virgin Mary, God or Allah, just as any one pleases to think, I feel that I can trust in Him or Her and have no fear, and can believe that before even the earth was a ball revolving in space, I was a child of this Supreme Being, and by that great God-power I clothed myself in mortal form to will and to do the work my intelligence had to do.

"A soul, a spark of God, comes down to earth And takes upon itself the form most fit To its progress or estate."

Incaruate thus, Alike from choice and due necessity, This soul-child comes to a material plane In fulfillment of a law of justice And of God, 'e'en as a shoot needs grafting That it may bear a richer, finer fruit."

For what reason Spiritualism must be annihilated because one studies metaphysics I can not understand. Spiritualism in its purest phases is but an exponent of metaphysics. To commune with the angels is truly metaphysical, to walk and talk with departed friends is metaphysical. To a truly spiritual person, friends can come and go at will; there is no separation. Matter is the creation of the intelligence, and if one is unfolded in all their faculties, and not belief-bound, spirit communion will not be uncommon, as to-day, but the reality that it ought to be.

Instead of our circles, becoming the Christian prayer meeting, if Theosophy is embraced, they will become burning candles in candle sticks, and lights on mountain-tops, for reason will rule; there will be a rule for all that is done and all that is said; the pure spirits of the wise and learned of other days will seek them and communicate great truths, while the straying souls and dark spirits who are wandering over the spheres, seeking whom they may devour, may be able to come and listen, but not able to instruct. For the law of truth and love attracts the good and pure, not alone those who are in earthly forms, but those who are robed in celestial light.

To be a true metaphysician one has to be a Spiritualist, for how can any one but a believer in the spirit of man say to a friend, "Soul, listen to me," asking in silent thought the spirit or mind of that person to do a certain thing or think a certain thought.

Colville says, "When you treat a person, speak to his or her soul; say, 'You are spirit; there is no matter; you are a child of God; your spirit can not have any illness; it is never sick; you are a part with God; God is well, and so are you always.' Never hold people in error; the spirit of man is calm and pure like the waters deep down in the ocean bed. What you see that is evil in man is the foam and the billow of the waves, by the mortal mind, that are made or results from education, birth and surroundings."

May we take these beautiful words to our souls and if there is a deeper significance in them than appeals at first to the understanding, may it lead us to study spiritual science or metaphysics and learn that souls are angels clothed here in mortal form, each doing its own work in its own best way, each willing to live and learn to give glory to—shall I say God, it's English, and therefore plain in meaning—and peace and love to man.

Every happy home must have two bears to make it complete—bear and foobar.

An Industrial Problem.

[San Francisco Chronicle, Jan. 21.]

Solomon Heydenfeldt, Sr., and several other gentlemen of this city have recently formed an organization under the name of "The National Co-operative Homestead Society of San Francisco."

The aims and objects of this association are so philanthropic and its plans and proposed methods so peculiar as to challenge attention, especially in view of the recent agitations and bitter conflicts between capital and labor in this and other countries.

It proposes a national co-operative homestead law as a practical and peaceful solution of the capital and labor problem. It proposes to have established by law a national co-operative homestead system, with the aid and under the limited direction of the Government, under which associations may be formed of persons of good character, able and willing to earn a living for themselves and family dependents; each association comprising among its members persons capable of performing the labors necessary for the production of the staple articles of food, clothing, shelter and all the necessities of civilized life—as nearly as may be economically practicable—together with such other industries for the full employment of its members as may be found requisite for the production of a surplus for sale in outside markets, to supply deficiencies and meet their obligations to the Government.

Among the patent advantages which it is claimed will be secured by this national co-operative system are these: It will relieve the labor market at once by furnishing permanent employment to any number of citizens who may choose to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded. The necessary capital being advanced by the Government as a loan loan, at a low rate of interest, with easy annual payments, no delay in organizing co-operative associations would occur by reason of the onerous terms exacted by private capitalists, or of their reluctance or opposition. It will secure to its members permanent homes, with all the luxuries and comforts of life, with employment at fair wages, not only to meet their living expenses, but to enable them to lay up a surplus from their earnings, if so disposed; relieve the minds of members from fear of want incident to the uncertainty of remunerative employment under the competitive system; relieve women of many cares and burdens; subordinate labor saving machinery and new modes of distribution to their use for the equal benefit of all, instead of the few, as at present; diminish the power and privileges of wealth in favor of the masses in society; promote morality, intellectual culture, social harmony, peace and good-will, and the general prosperity and happiness of all classes.

That the Government has a right to establish such a system of co-operative labor is maintained from the tenor of the preamble to our National Constitution, which explicitly states the object of the Constitution to be "to establish justice, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

The plan is comprehensive and goes to the very foundation of our industrial system. It proposes to reform our method for the production and distribution of wealth, so that each person shall receive his equitable portion of the production of combined labor, with a permanent home and steady employment. By this method it is believed there will be eliminated from our industrial system the jealousy, envy, antagonism, deception and fraud now prevalent and considered to be inseparable from our system of universal competition, which injuriously affects both the capitalist and the laborer.

The National Co-operative Homestead Society of San Francisco has adopted a carefully prepared constitution and code of by-laws, and has elected an official board of which Hon. Solomon Heydenfeldt, Sr., is President. It is proposed to procure the enactment by Congress of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States which shall confer upon the Government the right of eminent domain in each of the States of the Union for national co-operative homestead purposes, which shall be submitted to the several States for their adoption. The law to be asked for will provide for the organization of a bureau, to be at first assigned to the Department of the Interior, but when 1000 associations shall be organized and in a healthy working condition it is to be detached therefrom and raised into a separate department of the Government to be under the direction of an officer to be known as the Secretary of Co-operative Homesteads, to be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and who shall be ex-officio a member of the Cabinet of the President.

The office of the Recording Secretary, Monroe Thompson, is at 526 Kearny street, where all desired information can be obtained respecting this movement.

If that marvelous microcosm, man with all the costly cargo of his faculties, and powers were indeed a rich argosy fitted out and freighted only for shipwreck and destruction, who among us that tolerate the present only from hope of the future, who that may have any aspirations of a high and intellectual nature about them, could be brought to the disgusting mortifications of the voyage?—Colton.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

With the November, 1887, issue *The Century* commences its thirty-fifth volume with a regular circulation of almost 250,000. The War Papers and the Life of Lincoln increased its monthly edition by 100,000. The latter history having recounted the events of Lincoln's early years, and given the necessary survey of the political condition of the country, reaches a new period, with which his secretaries were most intimately acquainted. Under the caption of

LINCOLN IN THE WAR,

the writers now enter on the more important part of their narrative, viz.: the early years of the War and President Lincoln's part therein.

SUPPLEMENTARY WAR PAPERS,

following the "battles series" by distinguished generals, will describe interesting features of army life, tunneling from Libby Prison, narratives of personal adventure, etc. General Sherman will write on "The Grand Strategy of the War."

KENNAN ON SIBERIA.

Except the Life of Lincoln and the War Articles, no more important series has ever been undertaken by *The Century*, than this of Mr. Kennan's. With the progress preparation of four years' travel and study in Russia and Siberia, the author undertook a journey of 15,000 miles for the special investigation here required. An introduction from the Russian Minister of the Interior admitted him to the principal mines and prisons, where he became acquainted with some three hundred State exiles—Liberals, Nihilists, and others,—and the series will be a startling as well as accurate revelation of the exile system. The many illustrations by the artist and photographer, Mr. George A. Frost, who accompanied the author, will add greatly to the value of the articles.

A NOVEL BY EGGLESTON

with illustrations will run through the year. Shorter novels will follow by Cable and Stockton. Shorter fictions will appear every month.

MISCELLANEOUS FEATURES

will comprise several illustrated articles on Ireland, by Dr. Kay; papers touching the field of Sunday-School Lessons, illustrated by E. L. Wilson; Wild Western Life, by Theodore Roosevelt; the English Cathedrals, by Mrs. van Rensselaer, with illustrations by Pennell; Dr. Buckley's valuable papers on Dreams, Spiritualism, and Clairvoyance, essays in criticism, art, travel, and biography; poems; cartoons, etc. By special offer the numbers for the past year (containing the Lincoln history) may be secured with the year's subscription from November, 1887, twenty-four issues in all, for \$6.00, or, with the last year's numbers handsomely bound, \$7.50.

Published by *The Century Co.*, 33 East 17th street, New York.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Since its first issue, in 1873, this magazine has maintained, with undisputed recognition, the position it took at its beginning,—that of being the most excellent juvenile periodical ever printed. The best known names in literature were on its list of contributors from the start,—Bryant, Longfellow, Thomas Hughes, George MacDonald, Charles Reade, Bayard Taylor, Frances Hodgson Burnett, James T. Fields, John G. Whittier; indeed the list is so long that it would be easier to tell the few authors of note who have not contributed to "the world's child magazine."

THE EDITOR, MARY MAPES DODGE,

author of "Hans Brinker;" and "The Silver Skates," and other popular books for young folks,—and for grown-up folks,—too, has a remarkable faculty for knowing and entertaining children. Under her skillful leadership, *St. Nicholas* brings to thousands of homes, on both sides of the water, knowledge and delight.

ST. NICHOLAS IN ENGLAND.

It is not alone in America that *St. Nicholas* has made its great success. The *London Times* says: "It is above anything we produce in the same line." The *Scotsman* says: "There is no magazine that can successfully compete with it."

THE COMING YEAR OF ST. NICHOLAS.

The fifteenth year begins with the number for November, 1887, and the publishers can announce: Serial and short stories by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, Joel Chandler Harris, J. T. Crowbridge, Col. Richard M. Johnston, Louisa M. Alcott, Prof. Alfred Church, William H. Rideing, Washington Gladden, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Amelia E. Barr, Frances Crockett Bayler, Harriet Upton, and many others. Edmund Alton will write a series of papers on the "Romance of the Republic." The President works at the White House, and how the affairs of the Treasury, the State and War Departments, etc., are conducted; Joseph O'Brien, a well known Australian journalist, will describe "The Great Continent." Elizabeth Roberts Pennell will tell of "London and its Pantheon." (Alice in Wonderland, etc.); John Burroughs will write "Meadow and Wonderland Talks with Young Folk," etc., etc. Mrs. Burnett's short serial will be, the editor says, a worthy successor to her famous "The Lord Fauntleroy," which appeared in *St. Nicholas*.

Why not try *St. Nicholas* this year for the young people in the household? Begin with the November number. Send us \$3.00, or subscribe through booksellers and newsmen. *The Century Co.*, 33 East 17th street, New York.

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A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. VII.

{ J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER,
Flood Building, Market Street.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Knowledge is like money—the more it is circulated the more people get the benefit of it.

Genius is only entitled to respect when it promotes the peace and improves the happiness of mankind.

We cannot conquer a necessity, but we can yield to it in such a way as to be greater than if we could.

Truth is ever forbearing, courting inquiry, while error is ever overbearing and intolerant of investigation.

Don't be anxious until you are compelled to be. Many a man worries about a ghost that never appears.

Every good act is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good that he does in this world to his fellowmen.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.

The very generations of the dead
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
Until the memory of an age is fled,
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom.
—Byron.

We dote upon this world as if it were never to have an end; and we neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning.

If you do not censure until you have heard both sides, you will have much less to regret, and your opinion will be worth more.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
But that forsaken, we like comets err,
Toss'd through the void, by some rude shock
We're broke,
And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke.
—Congreve.

We need each other's forbearances as well as encouragement in order to do our best. We do not all see alike; we cannot all work in the same way.

Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall I forget; all; the poor, the prisoner,
The fatherless, the friendless and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall fail to heaven, and pour a blessing on thee.
—Rowe.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity. A strong mind has two highest tides—when the moon is at the full and when there is no moon.

Passionate expressions and vehement assertions are no arguments, unless it be of the weakness of the cause that is defended by them, or the man that defends it.

In men whom men declare divine
I see so much of sin and blot,—
In men whom others class as ill
I see so much of goodness still,—
I hesitate to draw the line
Where God has not.
—Joachim Miller.

True joy is a serenade and sober motion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave mind that has fortune under its feet.

The Seen and Unseen—Viewed in the Light of Theosophy.

BY ALLEN GRIFFITHS, F. T. S.

Life to the average man is an unsolved and unsolvable problem. Hedged within an environment of ignorance, indolence and very partial knowledge, he is dazed by the complications that play in his field of experience and observation and that change, pass and return again, ever presenting new aspects which seemingly conflict with all ideas of reason. This ever-changing phantasmagoria, moved and moving as the agent of an unseen, and, to him, unknown and unknowable Power, is not only a constant source of bewilderment but will ever remain so as long as he is content to acknowledge his inability to know and understand the unknown. He thus is utterly helpless.

To the student, the thinker and the philosopher, he, who culls from the various systems and schools of thought that knowledge which enables him to more hopefully cope with the mysteries; he, who recognizes and admits as a factor in his methods of investigation of those interior meanings and concealed verities which constitute the realities of life, the wise conclusions of those not alone of his own time, but, also, of the transmitted wisdom of the ages; he, who perceives with the inner senses, which senses are alone the true and essential revealers of the Real; actuated by that intense and simple honesty of highest motive which fails not of its purpose because attracting to itself its own constituent parts and fulfilling an infallible law of nature, UNITY; he, who, by that concentrated power of MOTIVE, KNOWLEDGE and WILL, commands the revelation and unveiling of the otherwise concealed and guarded secrets, Life, Nature and the Law, smile upon and beckon him, the intrepid master, to enter and possess a wide domain.

To the servile, the ignorant, the weak and the faithless, a form whose hands grasp a two-edged sword, ever guards entrance to the Unknown.

With the powers engendered and fostered by God-like attributes inherent within the individual, the open portals of worlds hitherto unknown and unseen invite exploration and habitation. Worlds within worlds, worlds under and worlds above, come within the vision, while wonder and amazement first wrap the beholder. With the perception of that which to the dormant and indolent soul ever remains unreal and unknown, dawns the consciousness, within the awakening one, of a sense of vital and inborn capacity to encompass and contain it. Thus rises and grows and fills the aroused and dauntless spirit the desire and will to attain that without which it now realizes itself incomplete and failing of its high destiny. Attendant upon the realization of its present incompleteness but full capacity to acquire and possess all of which it cognizes, surges and swells within the opening heart, that center of all emanating great impulse and transcendent good, those tides whose flood first engulf their own source and thence flow out and over the wastes that absorb but to utilize and thereby augment and endow with greater force to pass on again to still other needy and waiting hearts. In the exercise and operation of this divine function which ever accelerates and increases in activity, but fails and dies in stagnation, is born and grows and eventually enlarges to completeness, a condition for the influx of that Omnipotent Current without which life would not be, but with which, in exact proportion to its infusion, does the God-man take on the whole reality of his highest ideals and fulfill the largest prophecies of his loftiest aspirations. His destiny thus unfolds with an ever-changing, but ever-expanding magnitude.

The awakening of those but half-felt possibilities and fluttering of all but unconscious capacities; the dimly seen phantoms and shadows from the so-called unreal, but most real, world; the faintly heard, but true, sounds hailing from the borders of the Beyond; the sometimes alarming evidences of the unseen which, now and again, gently or rudely force themselves upon the attention and flash their presence for an instant and then are gone; all, in fact, savoring of a phenomenal and mis-called supernatural charac-

ter, much of which is strenuously condemned or as strongly denied by less sensitive natures, are to the highly sensitized and perfecting human organism, but the true premonitors and best harbingers telling of the existence of other spheres access to which and knowledge of is vouchsafed to him who wills.

In the fuller realization of these transcendent and still to be attained states, lies, not only knowledge of their true existence, but associated with it is the sure fact of acquisition, not, indeed, at once by spasms of mediocre activity, nor as the result of puny and half-exerted effort, but attendant upon earnest and continuous and unswerving striving; and as the powers already operative in the yearning and now be-stirring heart awake and leap in an initial effort of attainment, vigor and undreamed of strength buoy and sustain not only the first movement, but these powers attract and draw to themselves from great and ever replete reservoirs of nature, and the Source of all, those elements which feed and nourish and constitute life itself.

The newly born, now weak but only weak because they have not yet exerted and exercised their latent strength, need but to launch out upon and into the great expanse to know that naught exists, which they can sense, but exists for conquest and control by the valiant and masterful. With ascension to and activity on higher planes, new organs, new senses, new attributes, new, not that they have not lived before, but new in that they have not hitherto had field or opportunity in which to breathe and live their larger life, now hold sway. The fully active powers which, upon their own respective lower planes had play and use, and which served the basis of a higher end than merely human existence, now retire into partial seclusion that fuller freedom be given the unimprisoned, finer powers born of them, but ever remain alert and answer the signal of an emergent hour.

Not should ripe powers on any plane lie dormant nor exercise in less than their full capacity, for other course than complete activity gives not strength but weakness, and thus postpones, if not prevents, that attainment of the higher the acquirement for which they exist and are fitted. Vaulting is not the order of nature, but slow and steady advance according to sure evolution from the lower to the higher; nor does true progress assert its prerogative except complete attainment is realized on the present acting plane. Prophecy of potential power may dimly shadow forth from low estates its high ends, but full fruition is the fruition of completeness in all that has gone before.

PRESENT DUTY is supreme and ever takes precedence over all. Across the scroll of recorded human failures is writ the sad story of attempts to attain by other means than exact performance of the duty of the hour. Infinite range of power is not yet man's possession, thought his sure heritage, but ne'er attained, indeed, except by full accomplishment, through unwearied and increasing labor and patience in gathering and winding the minute and tangled threads of life. Pain, sorrow, disappointment, triple drawn, is else. Let those not thus prepared pause and introspect themselves. Bias, prejudice, emotion, sentimentalism are useless here, nay, infinitely more, are weights that chain and hold the being down. Herein lies the cause of failure of many aspiring ones. Sensing the unattained they with hasty recklessness, not true courage and sure knowledge, pursue what in their unprepared state can only prove a phantom. Pursued too far, they halt to find themselves within the borders of an unknown and strange country and, close at hand, dangers of which they little dreamed, yet dangers fierce and frowning. Unbalanced and affrighted, they seek not mastery and control, or, maybe, seek too late, but escape, and on return unfold a tale of horror which daunts and dampens the ardor of little souls, calls forth derision from waiting hosts of idle doubters, while it but excites pity in all larger hearts.

With less than PURE MOTIVE AND HIGH COURAGE, TRUE KNOWLEDGE, INDOMITABLE AND UNSWERVING WILL, AND ACTUATED BY A FIRE WITHIN, THAT FLAME THE PURE LOVE OF ALL MANKIND, failure, just and sure, claims its own. The Dwellers on the Threshold are the fierce guardians of the unknown. 'Tis not enough to pass them, these guardians, the return is yet, and were it accomplished,

may not some weird and ghoulish form attend to haunt and shadow, to feed upon; a vampire unholy, impure, fiendish; a lurking, pursuing imp, and for all, may be, one's own creation? These failing ones are not few, but lie along the beaten shore of the unknown as warning wrecks, thrown up broken and helpless and hopeless by many a pitiless tide. These great and numerous failures but serve as proof and evidence most positive that other spheres exist, not tangible to physical sense, 'tis true, but not less surely existent than that which answers to the material. Nor is this all—still do direct and not-to-be-denied evidences, more or less recognized in every human breast, which, out of the silence and solitude of that secluded chamber, speaks in its own peculiar language convictions which before the tribunal of inexorable Justice—the eternal fitness of all things, known and unknown—exist as an ultimatum and finality.

The teeming millions of earth, who now dimly sense, through a thousand newly known channels, the existence of and the innate capacity to acquire, that which is named the Unknown, the Unseen, the Invisible, which is, in truth, the REAL; if they would attain the unattainable, unattainable hitherto because to them entirely unknown, unseen, and invisible before, not only the wisdom of the now slumbering ages, not itself slumbering, but fully awake and ringing with a significance born of its imperishable nature, but, also, that word of the wisest of present time, which is one with the past, and speaking, withal, within their own hearts, must guide and direct action. This resounding and far-reaching voice, would they heed it, asserts, and will ever continue to assert, that the unattainable is at last and only attained upon the basis of past attainment. Present state and condition, when completely and entirely realized, and surmounting all impeding barriers and to nature true, is the preparation sure for further taking on. Not else does man advance. Seeming progress and attainment founded upon aught else is but snaring illusion; dread powers soon o'er-take the indeliberate one, and ruthlessly revenge a reckless invasion of their domain.

That well defined and clear line which marks the exact boundary between two soul states, is naught but imaginary. The blending mergence of the one into its own next high or low degree, is that which constitutes the non-separateness and Oneness of the ALL. High powers, safely possessed, and working true progress to the possessor, act with and through and by their own inherency, and take not cognizance of exceptionality.

Does man, in truth, desire superior states? His own inherent action alone determines whether he would transcend the lower to fulfill the prophecy of his higher destiny, which includes all above, below, without, and within him. To the exact extent he hears and heeds that Voice, his interior guide, and knows himself, and feels within a growing dissatisfaction and heavy weariness of the old and known as a final resting-place; is not content to simply view from afar the seen, and, in him, as yet, unrealized possibilities of his rapidly expanding nature, but years for actuality of them and all of them; and above all, below all, and containing all, knows that growing and swelling in his softening heart, whose life currents quicken at the thought, is the one grand passion that HE WOULD LIVE FOR ALL THAT LIVES, and knows that for any lesser ideal and nearer goal is so far short of his great capacity, and that happiness, in his now enlightened, conscious state, never approached before, indeed, is stranger to aught else, that one evokes the omnipotent power of THAT alone which IS.

Partaking now so largely of Divine attributes, evil, expunged, falls away, creating that vacuum which all nature abhors, but, remains not a vacuum because of the noble purpose to attain the highest good which now surges in the inner being of the new-born man. Thus is created, yet not created, but called into newer existence upon larger areas of activity, within the active center of his life, a magnet to which is irresistibly drawn all Good—supremest attribute of the Absolute. With the complete realization and full embodiment of this exalted state, like mountain snows under summer suns, melts and flows the hitherto crystalized and hardened mass, which was, e'er this, the potential

God, but now is God indeed. All sense of limitation; all doubt of infinite and immutable Justice; all those illusions which constitute material and transient life, with its dark shadows, its sorrows, its griefs, and the mirage of wavering destiny itself, gather *en masse*, and plunge into the blackness and deep gloom of that pit dug since first time began to receive the dead and effete man, while hence stands forth, at last, the God!

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1888.

Mr. Colville's Latest Book—"Spiritual Therapeutics."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The publishers of this work, by W. J. Colville, have kindly forwarded me a copy directly from their publishing house in Chicago, and after devouring it—my appetite is voracious in a literary sense—my thoughts clamor for the pen to indite them down for the perusal of the readers of the GOLDEN GATE, and as the food its worthy columns give to us every week fills soul and mind with great thankfulness, we believe that all will be glad to hear and know something of this latest and greatest work of our teacher, Mr. Colville, in its pages, and we hasten to write our impressions:

The book is larger than we expected, very neatly bound, and from all its pages there radiates the holiest and purest thoughts it has ever been our good fortune to peruse. He teaches that "the essential Christ is the divine within us," our own divine soul, "which is the candle of the Lord burning upon the candlestick of our moral nature," and our salvation depends upon following this divine light, and from this divine illumination we are to unfold and be unfolded in the "perfect way."

The lectures are embodied in the purest of English, but in so simple a garb that any child of ten years can read them to their edification. The utilitarian and pessimist may cavil and say there are no solid facts to prove his theories, but if they will read, with judgment unbiased and a mind receptive to receive new ideas, they will be surprised and filled with astonishment that so much has been written, and with arguments so strong and true, in favor of the idea that all is spirit.

The work comes in a good time, so many having listened to his lectures that have only heard the sound of his voice and never understood the truths he was uttering, and this book put into their hands will be like "a cup of cold water" to their parched souls; it will uplift, unfold and bring them to their right understanding.

In no place does Mr. Colville speak aught against any phase of Spiritualism. In one of the chapters on the "Transfiguration," he treats it both in a spiritual sense and as a materialization. In another chapter he refers to materialization as a fact, and, to prove it, he reasons in this way: Electricity is invisible as a substance; the mind which can manifest such terrible power is invisible; the steam that propels our mighty engines is invisible; and so with all the forces of which man knows anything. Sounds and colors in millions of vibrations and radiations are neither seen nor heard by mortals, because invisible and inaudible; but they, nevertheless, all exist. The great realm of causation can be so understood that out of invisible matter visible forms have been formed, beheld and seen, and then vanish. "Chemistry declares that all substances can be volatilized." "When we declare life to be invisible, the immortal soul to be real though invisible, we simply conclude that everything logically, that everything destined to outlive the mortal body is invisible and spiritual, we accord with science."

When we began the perusal of this book we could not believe anything new could be said by him upon spiritual science, but our interest has been re-awakened by the newest of new ideas, and we have read and re-read many paragraphs with evident delight. We hope the "slow" freight will become "quick" freight that has charge of the boxes that are carrying these books to our sunny land, for in their pages lie healing balm for the sorrowing and wounded in spirit, counsel and wisdom for the savant, succor and relief for the darkened soul, and we say "everybody ought to peruse 'Spiritual Therapeutics.'"

ABRAHAM L. HOLTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 6, 1888.



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VOL. VIII.

J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER,
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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

If length of day be thy portion, make it not thy expectation.—*Sir T. Browne.*

No revenge is more heroic than that which torments an enemy by doing good.

The greatest events of an age are its best thoughts. Thought finds its way into action.—*Boice.*

He is a happy man who so lives that death at all times may find him at leisure to die.—*Feltham.*

The light of friendship is the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.—*Crowell.*

One can journey with delight in the ideal, but one reposes well only in the reality.—*Vieillard.*

The gain of lying is nothing else but not to be trusted of any, nor to be believed when we say the truth.

There is a mean in all things. Virtue itself has its limits, which, not being strictly observed, ceases to be virtue.

The gift of gifts is love, and there is no other in the world that can hide its lack or make good its scantiness.—*Roseleaf.*

Letters of introduction are not always successful to get a man into society any more than elegant obituaries to get a man into heaven.

Dissimulation is the only thing that makes society possible. Without its amenities the world would be a bear-garden.—*Ouida.*

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience.

Men boast of their great actions, but they are oftener the effect of chance than design. Men's actions are not to be judged of at first sight.

Strong men retain their riches. There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.

If you would realize a higher form of religion you must first broaden the horizon of woman's thought, and give us an active interest in all the principal affairs of life.—*Elizabeth Cady Stanton.*

We are all of us made more graceful by the inward presence of what we believe to be a generous purpose; our actions move to a hidden music—"a melody that's sweetly pitched in tune."—*George Eliot.*

Those who have read of everything are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections. Unless we chew them over again they will not give us strength and nourishment.—*Locke.*

"ROBERT ELSMERE," OR, THE OLD FETTERS AND THE NEW FAITH.

An Inspirational Discourse Delivered by W. J. Colville in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Sunday Morning, January 13, 1889.

(Reported specially for the GOLDEN GATE, by Mrs. Emily Catwold.)

Among the many valuable and interesting works now passing from the teeming press, no one seems to be exciting greater interest than Mrs. Humphrey Ward's religious novel, "Robert Elsmere." That it should be creating such extraordinary interest in America, may be like the astounding interest centered in Moody's preaching; one of the psychological marvels of the day; and this for two reasons; first, the work does not really advance any very strange or startling theory; and second, it is a story of English and not American life, and records the struggles of a clergyman of the English church, who makes his way by painful process of thought and action from a living in a rural district, where he is the rector of a comparatively unimportant parish to the broad open field of unfettered and almost creedless humanitarian effort. A little closer inspection of the details of the story will soon, however, convince even the superficial reader that the interest taken in the book does not center in any reference to place or period, or in any character however finely drawn, but in the fierce conflict between orthodox literalism and heterodox spiritualism therein so graphically presented.

Mrs. Ward is a vivid portrait painter, her characters are all decidedly drawn, they are all widely different the one from the other; each is a study in itself and even the least important have a fascination for any reader who delights in a vivid portrayal of human individuality, whether he admires the type under consideration or not. The book shows us many characters, but not too many as they never get mixed and each is essential to a perfect tale, such as the one so graphically told in 680 closely printed pages in the full size American paper edition. Some critics have of course said the story was too long, unnecessarily spun out; some have complained that others than the central figures have received too much notice; but such criticisms are exceedingly shallow and unfounded, as the real merit of the work is in its completeness which consists in its elaborate analysis of the surroundings of the hero, and its careful explanation of the varied influences shaping his thought and determining his conduct. Robert Elsmere is not an ordinary man, though educated in an ordinary way, so far as outward appearances go. His mother was by no means an ordinary woman, and without the careful description of her character and influence over her son in the opening chapters, one of the most essential factors in Robert's education would have been left out.

Robert as a boy, predicts his own future, and to any careful and experienced student of mental tendencies his early days led by a perfectly and inevitably natural course to his subsequent career. Robert Elsmere is from the first a free spirit, impatient of all restraint, his bodily frame is weak, his mind ardent, his feeling intense; his mother is an excitable singular woman, very industrious, self-centered, unselfish, nervous and self-opinionated without being in the least self-conceited. She and her son are everything to each other, they have no secrets from each other. The mother is both the playmate and the teacher, and being an Irishwoman of a very noble type, she combines an indomitable love of personal liberty with an intense regard for the rights of everybody else, anything like meretricious display is odious to her. Ritualistic curates, whom he suspects of being only half sincere are her pet abomination, and while her son seems destined by fate to become a clergyman, and she is a deeply religious woman, she cannot but make special fun over the eccentricities of the clerical profession; to her the ministry of religion must be a life and not a trade; and where the minister of the gospel is only a tradesman, selling his wares, she despises the man while she loves the gospel he dishonors. Robert goes to Oxford at the proper age, accompanied by his mother, and there in the very midst of ecclesiastical supremacy and literary conservatism he makes friends with two

learned men, both professors in the University, neither of whom are in the slightest degree orthodox in sentiment or proclivity. One of these, Henry Grey is a practical heroic saint, in the guise of a religious rationalist; the other, Edward Langham is a dilettant man of letters, whose temper is as melancholy as Grey's is energetic; and whose philosophy is as depressing as Grey's is bracing. In the execution of the portraits of these two men, the authoress displays consummate genius, she brings into the most striking relief the two directly opposite types of so-called liberals with which we are all apt to become familiar. Both are rationalists in the usual acceptance of that word, but one acts and thinks as though everything in life were worthy of the loftiest endeavor, and the other concludes that nothing is really worth the effort required to accomplish it even decently.

Grey's mind is constantly expanding, Langham's perpetually dwindling, and between these diametrically opposite poles of radicalism at Oxford the young student for the ministry of the established church of England finds himself placed. He passes through his studies, however, without realizing that there is anything in the creeds and articles of the church to which he cannot conscientiously subscribe, he takes orders and accepts a living without any conscientious scruples, though the fact is never disguised that his physical weakness considerably influences his settlement at length, in a quiet country district; had he been physically stronger, he would have sought active work in London or some great manufacturing city, where he could have strained every nerve to meet the requirements of a large and needy parish; he is therefore, at the very outset of his ministerial career, crippled by bodily weakness, and with a most vigorous mind and ardent spirit, has seemingly to yield to the dictates of weak flesh or break down before his work has even fairly commenced.

Before entering upon the living in Surrey, which is in the gift of a peer of the realm, a relative of Elsmere's, he travels in many countries, always accompanied by his mother, and then visits Westmoreland, where he is introduced, in the performance of his clerical duties, as a curate there to the Leyburn family, from which he selects the eldest daughter Catherine, to be his wife. At that period of his early manhood, and at the outset of his career as a clergyman, just when he is most intensely impressionable in all directions, he finds in a woman whom he compares to St. Elizabeth, her whom he feels may be indeed his "twin soul," the one of all others who can share his work with him and make him all he is capable of becoming, while apart from her he feels himself utterly at the mercy of influences and temptations of the strength and subtlety of which he can form no adequate idea, but which he instinctively and deeply feels would be sufficient to overwhelm him, or, at least, disqualify him utterly for a noble performance of his duty, were he left to fight them single-handed.

Catherine Leyburn and Robert Elsmere are extreme opposites; she is quiet in the extreme, he is as turbulent in nature as she is passive, but her passivity is in no sense the quiet unresisting temper of a character less decided; in her quietness is her strength; her marvelous fund of reserve power forcibly illustrates the truth of the old adage, "Still waters run deep," and while but very rarely she can be brought to betray her emotion, when her feelings are too strongly aroused, the pent-up tide of feeling in her nature bursts forth all the more impetuously, and sways her all the more violently by reason of the constant restraint, to which she invariably subjects all her feelings. Catherine's mother is an utterly inconsequent woman, from whom she seems to have inherited nothing; her father passed from earth in her early youth (she is twenty-six years of age when we are first introduced to her); from him she seems to have inherited largely, and in her eyes he is a saint; around his memory her deepest affections cluster and her loyalty to all that she conceives to have been his wishes is touching in the extreme; she rules her mother tenderly and lovingly, as though she were the mother and her mother a delicate child needing incessant care; her two sisters she also regards as entrusted to her charge, and as they are both her juniors by several years, her guardianship of them seems perfectly natural; the elder of

the two seems an easy, graceful girl of no very marked proclivities, but Rose, the youngest member of the family, is a very decided character, passionately devoted to the violin, which she plays superbly, and possessed with an indomitable will and an irrepressible desire for freedom; her spirit naturally rebels against the quiet domineering of her elder sister whom she really loves, however, and who decidedly loves her; but the woman and the girl do not understand each other, and they present to our mind one of those vivid contrasts we often meet in members of the same family, which seem to forcibly illustrate the truth of the now pretty widely accepted theory that flesh and blood relationships are not necessarily those of spirit.

Robert Elsmere and Catherine Leyburn have one very great and important point of resemblance which forms a solid basis for their mutual attraction; they are both extremely conscientious; he is diffident about proposing to her at first, on account of his deep sense of his own unworthiness; she refuses him when he first offers himself to her, (though she truly loves him), from an exaggerated sense of duty, and of her importance as a guardian and director of her mother's household. When the mother finds out the true state of affairs, she almost insists upon Catherine's accepting Robert, and after tears and prayers and much inward conflict, she consents to be the wife of a man whom she admires as well as loves, and who regards her more in the light of a divinity than of an ordinary woman.

His marriage marks a very important epoch in the young clergyman's life; he goes to Surrey, and immediately upon his establishment as rector of Murewell, a mere village with a population chiefly composed of rustics, he begins to effect many decided improvements in the condition of the place; he and his wife are all in all to each other, she seconds his every enterprise, enters heart and soul into every detail of his parish work and proves herself in all things a woman of the noblest self-denying effort and charity; benevolence and self-forgetfulness come naturally to her; she has been always accustomed to do and think for others. Among the poor, the sick, the lonely, the erring, the outcast, she is a ministering angel and it is plain to see that Mrs. Ward, in faithfully depicting the heroic sanctity of a woman with whose religious views she is by no means fully in sympathy, is as unbiased as one well can be by any predilections of her own; but Catherine, a St. Elizabeth though she may be in many ways, is continually displaying her lack of breadth of mind; her's is a noble heart, but her intellect is narrow; with all her goodness she is decidedly illiberal in sentiment and constantly falls into the error common to all strictly orthodox persons; she can deal very tenderly with sinners, even with criminals she can be gentle, but for honest heretics she has no mercy; heresy in her eyes is crime.

Unorthodox opinion is worse even than flagrant immorality, and with all her own honest purity of heart and life she can be far more lenient with unblushing vice than with honest skepticism; errors of opinion are worse offences in her eyes than sins of the deepest dye. On one occasion when Mr. Langham has visited them and succeeded in awakening the affections of her sister Rose, who was on a visit to Murewell at the time, and the girl asks her elder sister if she could have married a man who did not believe in Christ, she answers impetuously: "To me it would not be marriage."

Such a woman could not be expected to sympathize with, or even tolerate the slightest departure from the very strictest line of evangelical orthodoxy, and the very serious defect in her habit of thought which causes her such bitter sorrow a little later on is manifested most unpleasantly in her inability to admire the sterling excellence of a man like Henry Grey because, despite his deep and noble earnestness and integrity, he is not a believer in the orthodox interpretation of the Bible.

A very important, interesting, but in some respects decidedly forbidding character, is Mr. Vendover, the squire of Murewell, a man nearer seventy than sixty without family and almost devoid, at first sight, of all human sympathy, a veritable literary fossil, a man of prodigious intellect, a voluminous author, an erudite scholar but a cynic and misanthrope living almost the life of a recluse, with no near relative

or friend to share his magnificent mansion, save a curious, flighty sister, a strange little lady, whom one feels ready often to pity and sometimes almost to despise. This squire is the possessor of a splendid library; his collection of books is unsurpassed, scarcely to be equalled anywhere in England.

Robert Elsmere loves books and longs to devour the contents of the squire's library, and so long as the squire has been absent traveling on the continent, the rector has enjoyed freedom of access to the Hall library; on the return of the squire his agent, Henslowe, a thoroughly detestable man, prejudices his employer against the rector on account of the disgraceful condition of a portion of the squire's estate which is allowed to remain in a disgusting, disease-engendering condition; the squire trusts his agent and believes the lies he pours into his ears against Elsmere, falsehoods he is the more ready to accept for truth by reason of his prejudice against clergymen and enthusiasts in general, and Elsmere is both a clergyman and an enthusiast.

For some time the rector works as best he can, doing a large amount of work in and out of the church, and carrying on important literary labor of a historical kind, under decided difficulties and at considerable expense, on account of his determination to be under no obligation to the squire, whose books he insisted on returning to their owner immediately after a misunderstanding had arisen between the two gentlemen, brought about by the rector's statement concerning Mile End being disregarded by the squire in favor of Henslowe's garbled account, intended to provoke hostility between his employer and the philanthropic rector.

After a while a terrible disorder breaks out in the wretched tumble-down hovels of that forsaken district. The squire is abroad at the time, but arrives home just soon enough to be brought face to face with the frightful misery of the inhabitants of this shamefully neglected portion of his property, and to witness with his own eyes the heroic fortitude of Mr. and Mrs. Elsmere.

Squire Wendover is a man who cannot be moved to the outward expression of deep feeling; his nature is of the painfully repressed type, common to a school of intensely rationalistic literary richness; such a nature is not however without feeling, and while a man of that calibre will not say much, he will freely place his purse at the disposal of an intensely sincere and thoroughly practical philanthropic enthusiast like Robert Elsmere. From that day the Squire and the Rector became fast friends, in many a country walk, they enjoyed each others' society immensely; as two men of diametrically opposite temperament, and yet with many tastes in common frequently do. As we see them constantly together, we readily trace the softening, mellowing influence, almost imperceptibly exerted upon the aged cynic, by the youthful and impetuous enthusiast; and even more clearly do we observe how the aged scholar, who delights in nothing so much as in the destruction of all that appears to him as superstitious folly, gradually undermines Elsmere's religious superstructure of dogmatic creed and ecclesiastical usage, but never does he seem to shake the young clergyman's vivid apprehension of God in the universe and in the human soul. At this period the most intensely trying one imaginable in the career of a young man of Elsmere's temper, an extremely ascetic priest of the most fervid Catholic evangelical type urges Elsmere to join, in a retreat at a neighboring village, and seek to overcome what he regards as the most pernicious effort of religious free-thinking, at the foot of the altar of personal self-surrender to the voice of the church of the most uncompromising kind. Mr. Newcome, the Anglican priest, not at all an uncommon figure in "high church" circles both in England and America, is an unquestionably good man; a man, however, who sees nothing outside of orthodoxy but damnation. Such a narrow view cannot commend itself to the budding and ever expanding genius of our hero; and thus Newcome must turn away saddened and depressed, half in anger, half in pity, from the man for whom he entertains a warm, disinterested friendship; but with whom he cannot possibly associate after he has discovered his persistence in heretical opinion. Once in a while this thin pleading, and yet commanding figure in long, black

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

From The Sun Angel Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate, by Spirit Wisdom, at the request of Saidie, Leader of the Oriental Band in the Higher Heavens, through Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe of the Sun Angel Order of Light.]

From afar do the lines of memory come down the ages to the present, so fraught with fulfillments of grand purposes. Little has the mind of man conceived of that which is truth. All through the ages, here and there, advanced minds have found dwelling place among the people, and these have been made a target toward which the balls of error have been aimed. But they have endured well the enemy's fire, and have returned to their home in the land beyond crowned with fresh laurels and wearing added jewels in their crown.

Such an one was Wisdom in ages past and gone. Seeing the need of greater soul power in the land, and feeling within his own being that he could bless the people with his presence and unfolded powers, he offered himself a willing sacrifice upon the altar of peace. In this he lost naught of the peace and glory which is his rightful inheritance from the All Wise, but has rather given to his immortal robe an added radiance, while the jewels he has earned shine and sparkle with added lustre.

Children of earth, know that in the Father's domain there are rich, glorious soul possessions for each and every one. These lay hidden, buried beneath the sands of time, while the power to glean and appropriate them lies all undeveloped within the human soul.

Life as it unfolds, powers as they develop, urge us on to the full possession of the hidden treasures which await our finding. Wisdom and his own sought knowledge and power; on the shores of our own home we unfolded and developed a love of power which grew and strengthened with our being, until it had woven itself into a web of insecurity which at last caused our downfall.

But our God is Love. Love Divine helps each and every child of the infinite to walk the paths of progress, until we reach the heights of redemption and unfoldment. Wisdom sought the Love which never fails, and although in a measure he had fallen, yet there was opened before his feet a path wherein he might walk, learning as he went the sweet lessons of humility, while he sought to make more pure and radiant the robe he should wear throughout the endless forevers of the future. When a time of great need has come in the heart of Saidie and her band of workers, Wisdom has been found ready to put his shoulder to the wheel, and willing to bear the burden laid upon him. When the time had come, and in the land of shadows a light must be placed, Wisdom gladly accepted the office of Light Bearer, seeking an avenue of incarnation where his power would most be felt, that all possible good might come to the people thereby. Those who acted as spirit father and mother breathed their benedictions within the hearts who would receive the light sent from the higher spheres. As Wisdom fell asleep, those whose messenger he was to be strewn o'er his form bright, fragrant flowers, while they sang to him a song of gladness, the tunes of which reached his soul as sweet incense, as he sank into the dreamless slumber from which he would not wake until the shadows of material life again flitted away and his feet once more found the walks of the better land.

True, he would open his eyes in the material world, would become a dweller therein during the years of his stay, and one of the number who would attempt to herald the gospel of peace to weary ones who already began to tire of the conflict, and yet knew not the path leading to the threshold of the Temple of Peace.

Children in earthland, many times have we spoken of watching, waiting times in the long ago, and your hearts were able to comprehend only in part the significance thereof. When we open wide the doors, revealing to you the actual events of that time, you begin to see as not before, that all is not mythic language, but the shadow of stern realities.

We sleep in the better land, to waken not to its memories until again we lay down the burden of materiality and are free spirits in the real life. Earth life is the land of dreams, the land of the unreal, while ours is the life of the soul, real, enduring and immortal.

You remember very little in the past, and that comes to you as a something forgotten, of which only the faintest shadows reveal themselves in occasional glimmerings, but when you waken again this present earth life will be the dream, that beyond the reality. It was so with Wisdom; he had wakened in the land of dreams. The same spirit looked out through the windows of the soul, yet the memory of the council, of the mission to earth had faded from the mind in detail; but the spirit of all stirred within his heart, permeated his inner being and gave color and fragrance to all his acts. The influences which came with him were fresh and strong and would lead his soul out and on, away from the beaten paths of the multitude, where he would be able to lead many. Others from the spheres found incarnating avenues, those whose souls were baptized with a desire to become beacon lights to a world in darkness.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of The Sun Angels Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1888.

New Chicago Pastor—"Of what State is your husband a native, Mrs. Veener?"

Mrs. Veener of Chicago—"Connecticut, I believe, sir." "Do you know in what part of the State he was born?" "I don't think he was ever born, sir, I so often hear him speak of himself to others as a self-made man."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Review of "Eon and Eona."

BY ABRAHAM LLOYD HOLTON.

Standing in the glare of the sunlight that shines upon time's hills, well I know I shall feel and hear the echoes from this small pebble I cast into the thought-world that Eona's legacy to the wide, wide world, is an immortal poem of truth, a bible that we, on this side of time, can often peruse and ponder over, and by it be comforted, fed and clothed in our right mind.

The volume breathes the sweetest pathos, the gentlest patience, the strongest arguments, to prove the great truth of re-incarnation. Step by step has Eona led the reader to almost realize her life and her soul-mate's existence, and "her heart tender and hopeful, born from a long journey, wherein experience has woven many tints," has enabled her to bring these "sheaves, gathered from many earth-land pilgrimages and soul-land rests, to those who are hungry and waiting; and, "oh, children of the land," she says, "I bid you read and reason."

The thread of the narrative is often broken as her soul seems to gaze upon the necessities of earth mortals, and these digressions are little balconies whereon the relator of incidents stops for deeper breaths, regaling in the heaven-born and earth-received breezes of cause and effect, which fan, too often unnoticed, the cheek of all dwellers of the universe. "Nature is arbitrary, and stands at the door of every soul, an inexorable tax-master." "Beneath all the arches that time and nature have planted in the pathway of human progress, must man pass, and from each must he gather some fruits as proof of his pilgrimage, as of necessity he returns." "Every desert has its rocks, every experience its lesson; so existence means far more than a few years of earth-life; far more than one enfleshment."

The description of the second sphere of spirit life is so reasonable that it would be wise to study it well. That Swedenborg drew most of his knowledge of spirit life from it, that he gave to the world as a beacon light, we can now understand. And as it seems to be the great battleground for a spiritual unfoldment for earth-bound spirits, her description is strong, grand and convincing.

In the work, wherever she has occasion to speak of the first sphere, as it is the waiting-room of all the dismal dens in earth-life, the picture is awful. The words, "As ye sow, so shall ye also reap," stands out in fearful significance, when we realize that the dissensions, crimes and conspiracies of earth, cast from the brains of its inhabitants, are born into this sphere, thus deepening dissensions, increasing the wild ravings of the terribly vile and fostering conspiracies, and are again returned, poisoning the earth elements or atmosphere, until the result is the wild winds and storms and pestilences that move over the earth like great sea waves, venting their fury.

In the dark depths of some earth pilgrimage, through which she was led, she says: "I look not back on the past, of which I now write, or the part I took in the drama, with other feelings than those of satisfaction. It was all well, and I held with a firm hand the threads I wove in the loom of circumstances that time had patented. . . . I look not back with regrets, though the path was rough and the times perilous." And as she came to realize that one life was all life and never ending, did she lean on the Infinite and become a willing worker in the flesh or in the angel-hood, knowing there was always "a home coming," that loving hearts never ceased to love, let time and distance divide, oh! for so long or for so far; that the mission of the soul is to do and to dare; to go on and upward; to know and to be known. "A soul dispatch" can reach one of God's chosen messengers that bids them go teach in earth form, but in the sleep that comes, in the entombment in mortal form that follows all only for an hour's breath of time, and then once more the spirit is free, and those who are loving and loved, are near and as dear, and a re-union will be had that will fill all heaven with shouts of praise and thanksgiving for sorrow suffered, battles fought and laurels won.

This book appeals to all classes of readers, and asks only a careful perusal, ere "a judgment has been passed," because "the dawn is already tinting the hill-tops," and there is always a pleasure in witnessing a sun-rise, or "in gathering early blooms" when the dew is still lingering on their petals. Many souls, in perusing this book, will recognize land-marks along the highway of their consciousness, while others, whose sleep has been deeper, will see and recognize nothing; still, the draught once tasted of the elixir of immortality that can learn to sail in the higher heavens, breathe life to new planets, give birth to newer souls, and dwell among men as teachers and saviours, will live in thought, and teach the spirit its grand lessons in spirituality, in its silent power, "The Word."

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Hope is the last thing that dies in man.

Without love there is no knowledge.—*Carlyle.*

There is no man so bad but has a secret respect for the good.

Every ultimate fact is only the first of a new series.—*Emerson.*

The best becomes a man which he is by nature intended to perform.

You will never find time for anything; if you want time you must make it.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.—*Montaigne.*

He who does not engage in the quarrels of others will have few of his own.

Reflection increases the vigor of the mind as exercise does the strength of the body.

Men always consider women unjust to them when they fail to deify their weaknesses.

We should do everything we can for others, if only to dissipate the thought of what they omit to do for us.

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.—*Haslitt.*

There is no greater help toward well-doing than the knowledge that one is believed in.—*Karl Emil Franzos.*

Neglect no opportunity of doing good, nor check thy desire of doing it by a vain fear of what may happen.—*Atterbury.*

Idlers cannot even find time to be idle, or the industrious to be at leisure. We must be always doing and suffering.—*Zimmerman.*

The temperate are the most truly luxurious. By abstaining from most things, it is surprising how many things we enjoy.—*Simms.*

If we hope to instruct others says Coleridge, we should familiarize our own minds to some fixed and determinate principles of action.

That man that doth not know those things which are of necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.—*Tillotson.*

Of natural duties we affirm that in authority they are higher than law; in time, older than creation; in worth, more valuable than the universe.—*Horsley.*

It is more honorable to the head, as well as to the heart, to be misled by our eagerness in the pursuit of truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of it.

There are few mortals so insensible that their affections cannot be gained by mildness, their confidence by sincerity, their hatred by scorn and neglect.—*Zimmerman.*

To awaken a dormant spirit of discussion by pointing out the imperfections of accredited systems, is at least one step gained towards the further advancement of knowledge.

(Written Especially for the GOLDEN GATE.)

Onesimus Toole;

OR, FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE.

A Psychological Romance by W. J. Colville.

CHAPTER XIX.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

"Oh, call it not a foolish dream,
That aspiration of my heart,
Which leads me to diviner things
And bids me try a higher art.
Say, are there not deep meanings yet
To be discovered in God's law?
And who shall dare to claim that he
The whole at any time can draw?
Truth is my solace and my goal,
And will be while the ages roll."

—*Peter Javros Macmahon.*

Luncheon always proves a very pleasant meal when partaken of in good company, and on Sundays in England, where it is customary always to dine early on that day, the midday meal is invariably a very pleasant time for meeting friends and enjoying the pleasures of hospitality. Half past three or four P. M. is a fashionable time for attending a second church service, though many people spend the afternoon quietly at home and go to evening service at 7. Mr. Fischer-Bennett's chapel was closed in the afternoon, though during the greater part of the year the Sunday-school met in the school-room from 2:30 till 4, but this did not resume its sessions, so his time was quite his own till the hour arrived for evening service.

As they rose from the table, and all invited to Croydon began to make preparations to catch the 3:45 train, Mr. Bennett proposed escorting them to Victoria station, if they felt able to walk the short distance without fatigue.

Cabs are cheap in London, which is one of the most convenient features of the city; you can at any time hire a comfortable conveyance for two persons and ride a long distance for one shilling; if the distance is beyond the shilling limit, the fare is one shilling and six pence, or thirty-seven and a half cents American money, and that sum will almost invariably carry any two persons to any terminus or place of public resort, if their quarters in town are in any way central. Notwithstanding this fact, and the innumerable omnibuses, and great facilities offered by the underground railways, pedestrianism is quite a feature of London life, and to this fact alone the uniformly superior health of the population may be safely attributed.

Mr. Fischer-Bennett was a very practical religionist. He attached sufficient, but not extravagant, importance to religious exercises. His chief desire, however, was to help people to live more nearly to nature, and thus develop a healthy and hardy man- and womanhood, without which he declared pietism degenerated to sickly sentiment, and instead of ennobling, enfeebled character.

Mr. Toole was greatly pleased with his frank convictions and vital interest in every leading question of the day; but, when more spiritual themes were broached, Dr. Maxwell in particular felt inclined to chide him gently for displaying so much incredulity.

As they walked through the delightful district which lies between the Hotel Metropole and the Victoria Terminus, they conversed upon the marvelous phenomena of Spiritualism and the singular tenets of theosophy, in which Mr. Bennett displayed a certain intellectual interest, as becomes a student and a scholar, but it was clear to see his affectional nature was not at all touched by the sentimental side of Spiritualism, nor was his intellect enamored of the mysteries of Hindu occultism. He was a man fitted to lead in all social questions, but his spiritual insight was not particularly keen. As the conversation glided from one topic to another, Mr. Voysey's utterances on Spiritualism became for a few moments the subject of discussion. Dr. Maxwell thought them shallow and unworthy of a man in any sense great. Mr. Bennett considered Mr. Voysey's position quite tenable, and failed to see how M. A. Oxon, and other distinguished Spiritualists who had replied in the *Light*, had met the case.

"Still," said Mr. Bennett, "I am not a scoffer, all I want is truth; and, if any of you who believe more than I at present can, are able to convince my understanding, I shall only be too happy to listen to all you have to say, and to carefully observe all you have to present."

"As to your experiences in Paris," continued Mr. Bennett, "I can say nothing. Such things are quite beyond my ken, and, while they may be true, pardon me for suggesting they may not be true; but if, as you say, Professor de Montmartre is among the most exemplary people you have ever met, I can scarcely let incredulity swing over to the extreme of credulity, and believe evil of others without the slightest foundation. The cures you report to me are the most wonderful of all. We hear of nothing like it in London. There are, indeed, many alleged cases of healing by mesmeric and magnetic means, but they are mostly of a dubious character; and, by the way, I was introduced to a lady, recently from Chicago, the other day, a Miss Dominus, a particularly intelligent woman, with a frank, serious face and great command of excellent language. She is the guest of Lady Steephlight, and is just commencing to teach what she calls Christian Science. I shall avail myself of the first opportunity to listen to one of her instructions. I am convinced she is honest, and that is saying a great deal now-a-days, when we meet so many charlatans who are making money and position everything, and shamelessly sacrificing principle in every conceivable manner to exalt their personal caprices. Miss Dominus teaches gratuitously, which is remarkable, and, unless she had some private means, would, I should think, be impossible. And, by the way, there is a Mrs. Catsleigh here; she arrived only yesterday from New York—a decidedly stagey woman, traveling with a fellow who must have been at some time a theatrical agent, where bounce goes further than breeding. Monsieur Alphonse de Kabriet influenced me against the whole affair. He was so persistent that I should spend five pounds on a ticket admitting to one course of twelve lessons, I told him such prices would not succeed in England, upon which he rudely asked me if I thought people could live on air, and whether preachers weren't paid higher than anybody else. I refused to parley with him, and he decided to decline the ticket. He left me, muttering, 'Stingy cuss,' and that was the last I saw of him. His diamonds were blinding, and Mrs. Catsleigh at dinner looked like a second-rate star in the role of 'Camille'—a woman too stout to look the part, but determined to act it, nevertheless. Her manners are very taking, and she is a fluent talker, but the box-office air about both of them (the agent in particular) repulsed not only me, but several whom they have been trying to bring into their classes. They are staying at the Owlshead Hotel, three streets from us."

As time was passing rapidly and nearing trinitine, their conversation was abruptly terminated at the station gates.

The party for Croydon had just time to secure tickets and seat themselves in their compartment before the train started. A few miles delightful riding brought them to Croydon, where they found everything in readiness for their welcome reception, and Lord and Lady Ambleside delighted to receive and entertain them. Lord Ambleside has already been introduced to our readers. His wife impressed all who met her in a friendly manner, as a woman of unusual intellect, self-reliance, and strength of character—a trifle masculine, perhaps, but, for all that, possessed of a sweet, womanly tenderness of feeling. She could rule with a hand of iron, and quell insubordination with a glance or gesture. Still, she was loved by more than a few, as her genuine disinterested, intelligent regard for others' welfare stamped her as a noble and true benefactress to all who sincerely sought counsel to aid them to a higher life. The lovely Signorina Ferranita almost idolized her; being an orphan she could not measure the depth of her affection for the stately lady, who had taken her heart and home, and was now beginning to cherish the hope, in which her husband fully coincided, that the gifted damsel might prove to her a daughter indeed, as she was soon to become the wife of their only son, Lord Currisbrook Clive, provided she could overcome her first scruple against marrying an Englishman and a Protestant.

Dinner at the "Darning Needles," as the Amblesides' Croydon house was named, was a delightful six-o'clock affair, *san ceremonte*; it was over before 7, just in time to allow of the fair cantatrice attending vespers at the beautiful church of St. Dominic, which is one of the features of Croydon architecture, and renowned everywhere for its splendid music. Whilst she was absent, the conversation was very much about her—her past and her future. She was an intensely romantic girl, but so conscientious and high-principled that the faintest shade of prevarication in another disgusted her. Kind and generous to the utmost extreme as she had proved in the case of Miss Carroll, and in numberless other instances, she was high-spirited, though gentle and so enthusiastic a devotee to art that her profession was to her as sacred as ever his calling can be to the most devoted preacher of the gospel.

About 8 o'clock, while they were chatting together in the peaceful twilight, a servant announced a visitor. In the fading light they did not distinctly see who was approaching, but, on distinctly hearing the rattle (we cannot correctly say rustle) of stiff brocaded silk skirts, Lord and Lady Ambleside knew they were once more favored with the never-unwelcome presence of their elderly American friend, Mrs. Fumbling Cockroach (pronounced Koroche for twenty-seven generations).

The little lady who had been on the steamer with Dr. Maxwell and his party, though no one except the stewardess had really seen her except at the landing stages at New York and Liverpool, was at least 75, and looked every day of her age. Still, she was an active little body, kept fashionable hours, wore a dark brown wig, dressed in almost juvenile costume, and wished every one to know she was as much in the world as any matron of 40, with marriageable daughter. Spiritualism was Mrs. Cockroach's pet hobby—you could not call it her religion, for she took it more as a pastime than seriously, and enjoyed nothing more than an innocent joke or a harmless bit of gossip with some familiar spirit who entertained her at the strictly private seances in the residences of the nobility, which she was often invited to visit, being a very popular old dame in many quarters.

"My darling Lordship and Ladyship, how glad I am to find you in! I was afraid you might be at church. I never go in the evening. As usual, I have come for just a cup of your most delicious Formosa tea, your unequalled bread and butter, and a talk with our dear spirit friends, who never seem so near me as in your presence. But I see you have company. Any one I know?"

"Some of our fellow-passengers from America, I believe. Let me introduce Dr. Maxwell, his aunt, Mrs. Finchley, and the Rev. and Mrs. Onesimus Toole," said Lady Ambleside.

And soon the new addition to the group caused the conversation to flow in a more lively strain than before; and to those unacquainted with the ins and outs of English high life Mrs. Cockroach's narratives must have been indeed instructive, as well as amusing. But, as soon as tea and cake had been disposed of, nothing would do but they must hold a seance with Mrs. Finchley as the medium.

Signorina Ferranita was a wonderfully gifted clairvoyant, and often in private made wonderful revelations to her intimate friends; but she objected to the Spiritualism in which Mrs. Cockroach revelled. Therefore, when that lady was in the house, she often retired to her own apartment while a seance was in progress. Mrs. Finchley, being such a very different type of woman, and the girl having taken a great liking to her at Covent Garden the evening before, the servant was told to invite her into the drawing-room as soon as she returned from church and had removed her walking apparel. Zenophon had accompanied her at her request to St. Dominic's, greatly to his own happiness, as he was of a nature to almost worship artistic genius, wherever it might be discovered, and the fair singer was one who never held herself aloof from others unless she saw or felt some good reason for so doing. With a lad as truthful and pure-minded as the little Greek, she was thoroughly at home in a single instant.

They talked together of their singular experiences on the way to church and back, and found nothing in each other's startling career to occasion surprise in the other. At benediction the surprised singer

reminded Zenophon so strikingly of Heloise, as he knelt beside her, that he was convinced something more than fancy caused him to see his beloved Parisian friend and hear her voice joining in "Tantum ergo."

Returning to the Darning Needles about 9 o'clock, they found Mrs. Finchley speaking with rare eloquence and feeling to all in the room; and, as they listened to her inspired words, they felt a communion of souls such as they had rarely felt before. Though usually very shy of mentioning her own affairs to any one—particularly a stranger—and never seeking to consult clairvoyants on matters where her own affection and reason must, in the very nature of things, be the only proper judges, she felt constrained, as soon as there was a pause in Mrs. Finchley's eloquence, to inquire, "Do you see anything in store for me outside of my musical career, in which I take so much pleasure, and which I never wish to relinquish?"

"Your true position is in this house," answered the good lady impressively. "And, as you question as to your future, I answer unhesitatingly, you will not do well to refuse the offer of a hand which is accompanied by one of the truest hearts in England. As Lady Cline you can still use your musical gift to the highest ends, but a public operatic career is not your destiny for longer than one year or so. I know your religious feelings as well as I know my own. I will not trouble you with theological controversy, knowing how painful it is to you. I will only say, ask your beloved friend and preceptor, Heloise, to advise you in the matter of your marriage. We both know her far too well to harbor the faintest suspicion that she could be capable of giving any other suggestions than those prompted by the far-seeing angel who guides her life, and whom I have recently seen in my own visions as a being of particular brightness and glory. Perhaps we may receive some message from Paris this evening. You have no doubt received communications yourself from Heloise in the manner we were accustomed to get them in New York."

"Oh, I should be so glad to hear her sweet voice trembling on the air, as I heard it once in my dressing-room at Covent Garden. It was the first night I appeared before an English audience, and I was very nervous. The ground seemed quaking under my feet, when I heard the sweetest song to which I have ever listened vibrating in my ear, and then a star appeared before me, and in the center of it I read the words traced in letters formed of electric light, 'Follow the star within, and respond to the voice of the great central sphere of being; so shall your success be assured forever; heed not the opinion of the world. Sing to God and to his angels, and men will rejoice in the echo of your song.' I was no longer timid. All fright vanished instantly, and I scored my first triumph, and never saw the audience till a gentleman in the audience handed me a lovely basket of roses and japonicas, and I heard the whole multitude recalling my number. I responded to the recall, but again while I was singing I saw only a star shining before my eyes, and I felt the star was a veil hiding the radiant features of invisible helpers and listeners. Since that day I have never heard the voice, but whenever I call for the star it shines before me. I think the Star of Bethlehem must have been a light seen by the shepherds and the wise men in some such way, rather than one of the orbs in the sky."

While Signorina Ferranita was thus speaking, and Mrs. Cockroach listening with all her ears, as the saying is, a low, sweet Gregorian chant sounded through the room: "Credo in unum sanctum Catholicum et apostolicum Ecclesiam."

"Oh, do listen to the dark spirits; what are they singing? Why, this is just like Mr. Higginbotham's dark seances, only it isn't nearly so dark here. We shall get materialization directly. O dear, how beautiful! It sends the cold shudders all through me," exclaimed Mrs. Cockroach, who could not in the least distinguish between the silvery tones of the voice then sounding and the harsh guttural tones produced through a cardboard tube at the home of the illustrious Higginbotham. Any way, she appreciated anything and everything which seemed to her to emanate from the spheres invisible, and thus enjoyed a great deal, and doubtless derived much solid comfort, though as an expert in discrimination she was a failure.

Continued on Sixth Page.

9 Restless, a good likeness guaranteed.